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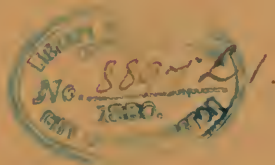


**S**AROLDE,

THE

ENVOYE OF ARTOIS.

1880.











*J. Mearns*

Residence No 245 East 82<sup>nd</sup> St  
New York City  
June 14<sup>th</sup> 1880

**H**AROLDE,

THE

ENVOYE OF ARTOIS.



A TRAGIC PLAY IN FIVE ACTS.

BY J. A. J. NEAFIE.

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## PREFACE.

The thought, from which was evolved the story told in this play, took its rise in a circumstance which really occurred many years ago; the salient points of which were briefly these: A pure and noble wife, had been wrongfully accused and was deserted by her husband. This unsettled her reason. A brief time elapsed when she wandered from her home, to a rocky precipice, overlooking a "Falls" and there, either fell or leaped into the chasm below, where her body was found. It was for a time, suspected that her husband had met, and enticed her to the cliff, and thrust her off. This, however, was afterwards proved to be totally unfounded. The wife's entire purity became fully established (but too late,) and the husband soon followed her to the grave, dying of sheer broken heart. This was during my boyhood, but the memory of it remained, as a deep impression. When I arrived at man's estate, I became an actor, and soon, the general plan of this play was "mapped" out, and some of the scenes were, (though very crudely) sketched. Becoming, however, more and more occupied by the active duties of my glorious profession, these "Fragments" were suffered to lie unfinished, with other of my "Jottings by the way." After a few years of profitable service and experience (sometimes laborious, but never irksome) the Sun of a brighter fortune broke upon me, and I became (in theatrical parlance), A "Star."

Fairly launched upon this new and pleasanter sea, and wafted onward by the genial breath of public favor, I came to feel a sort of new ambition. I bethought me of those long neglected (well nigh forgotten) sketches. I exhumed the "Fragments," and applying the results of a solid experience to the task, completed what had been so long left unfinished and re-wrote my play, as it now stands and called it "HAROLDE."

Part of my purpose in penning these prefatory lines, is to explain how it comes and why I have marked out the "stage directions."

Let it be reflected, that this play is the mature work of a practical actor, who has learned by experience and therefore may presume to know what engines to employ in order to produce certain desired results; And, I have thought that such a course would materially help my readers the better to realize the whole panorama of scenes characters and incidents, as they shall pass in review.

THE AUTHOR.

## HOW TO READ.

——:O:——

When you would read a letter, or other written, or printed message, it is wise to first look at the signature, *so*—you will the better understand the contents, by at once knowing who is talking to you. In all other compositions, the *reverse* is the rule. Begin at the *beginning*, and never *look* at the ending, until you arrive there by having read, carefully, every preceding line, in its order.

Also, (and especially) *ignore the author*. If you fail to do this, you are liable to one of two prejudices. If the writer be an old acquaintance, your familiarity with him may cause you to doubt (in advance) his ability to *create* a good work. Or—on the other hand, your kindly regard for him, personally, may cause you to over-value his effort. The first prejudice would be unjust to *him* ; the second, would lead *you* into amiable error.

OLD ESSAY.

## PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

---

HAROLDE, <i>The Envoy.</i>	GEREAUD, <i>accomplice of Valmonde</i>
VALMONDE, <i>his pretended friend</i>	LANDLORD, <i>of the "Auberge."</i>
JULIEN, <i>Suitor to Rosamonde.</i>	FRANCOIS, <i>a servant.</i>
LE ROUX, <i>a ruined gamester</i>	OFFICER, <i>of the guard.</i>
BAPTISTE, <i>father of the sisters.</i>	
NICOLE, <i>servant to Eleanor.</i>	ELEANOR, <i>wife of Harolde.</i>
NOTARY, and GUESTS.	ROSAMONDE, <i>her sister.</i>

SCENE—*Calais on the Coast of France.*


TIME, *about 1600, A. D.*

### EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *right*, L. *left*, C. *centre*, 2 E. *second entrance*, 3 E. *third entrance*, &c. U. E. *upper entrance*.

### RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. *right*. L. *left*. C. *centre*. R. C. *right of centre*. L. C. *left of centre*.

 *The reader is supposed to be on the stage, facing the auditorium.*

### SCENE PLOT SIGNS.

1 G. means *first groove*. 2 G. *second groove*, &c.

*The length of time perhaps required in the representation : Two hours and forty minutes.*





# HAROLDE,

## THE

### ENVOYE OF ARTOIS.



#### ACT I.

SCENE I—(1. G.) *Exterior of an inn, with the sign "AUBURGE," over the door. A loud laugh heard within. Enter LE ROUX, from the Inn, (ragged), thrust out and followed by the Landlord.*

LANDLORD.

Out, fellow! Dost thou come hither begging, Eh? Whining for that which thou hast madly squandered at the Board?

LE ROUX,

Drive me not hence, unsuccor'd, for want is heavy on me. I ask not coin, but food. My wife—my child.

LANDLORD.

Hence, thriftless fool, nor dare again to haunt my doors, or I will have thee lodged in closer limits. Hence, thou Dolt! (*Thrusts him off, L. H.*) A witless gull—I'll teach him—(*Turns, bows low to VALMONDE, who enters R. H.*) Good morrow, gentle sir; and welcome hither.

VALMONDE.

Like a true Landlord, to the guest that pays.  
Who buys his welcome, ever is assured on't.  
I know your trade.

LANDLORD.

And help to make it thrive;  
I thank you for 't. Will you not in?

VALMONDE.

Ere-while.

When saw you him, whose wont it was to seek me,  
Here at this hour?

LANDLORD.

Not for some days past.

VALMONDE.

That's strange. I look for letters at his hand,  
Of weighty moment. (*aside*) I do fear the worst.  
Fails he to check them now, and ruin follows.  
(*To him*) Look! you. When he comes, upon the instant  
Let me be sent for here.

LANDLORD.

(*Pointing L.*) Is not this he?

VALMONDE.

It is. Your leave—We'll taste your cheer anon.

(*Exit Landlord to Inn. Enter GEREAUD L. H.*)

Now, what hath held you hence, while I am torn.  
'Twixt hope and fear?

GEREAUD.

Your own affairs, believe me;

Fix'd at my post, nor ate, nor slept from thence.  
Each new arrival have I boarded still,  
As I had been an officer O'the Customs;  
Yet nothing found of late, until to-day,  
When this sole letter, like the rest directed,  
Fell to my hand. (*Gives letter.*)

VALMONDE.

(*Reading.*) Ha—What is here? Return—  
I must be speedy then,—devise some means  
Shall bring her tedious and too dangerous dalliance  
To instant issue, or my dearest ends  
Suffer defeat forever. Look!—this letter,  
By some mischance, delayed beyond its due,  
A month at least, threatens his speedy coming—  
E'en with the hour. The day past all is over.

GEREAUD.

Sir, will you pardon me—I know not yet—  
What purpose, pray you, took this Harolde hence,  
And hath detained him?

VALMONDE.

This. Some three years since;  
As one—the best reputed here in Calais,  
He, on commercial service, went abroad,  
Commissioned by the State, to re-adjust  
With foreign Courts the balances of trade.  
This scarce dispatched—an illness fell upon him:  
He was reported dead. Though false the rumor,  
I compassed means to make it well believed.  
His letters, thitherto I rendered safe;  
But from that instant, all, thus intercepted,  
Have I destroyed, yet answered, as from her—  
Feigning her name and hand, preventing thus—  
In him, all hint of wrong. His health restored;  
His absence was prolong'd by new commissions—  
I secretly obtained and sent to him.  
His wife and kin, have I, by fresh inventions,  
Held from all form of inquest, save through me;  
Who, as their closest friend, did seem most fit  
To interpose inquiry.

GEREAUD.

As you guess—  
How stands your suit toward her?

VALMONDE.

Faith—with the wind,

And with a flowing sail—the port in view.  
Though she be coy, and whine unceasingly  
For this adventurous, fortune-seeking gull;  
Yet, her old father, (who, before their match,  
Favored that I should wed her), friends and kin,  
Now, well convinced that Harolde is in heaven,  
All ply her to my purpose.

GEREAUD.

Might you not,

On some pretence, bring her to speedy nuptials,  
Ere he, not arrived, can fall upon us?

VALMONDE.

Aptly advised. I will invoke their aid—  
That she shall yield her plight, ere the day close.  
Haste you and board each import—If he come;  
Cross him—delay him; and by some device  
Check his approach: 'bove all—advise me straight,  
Of when he touches land. Pause not—away.

GEREAUD.

I shall not fail you sir. (*Exit L. H.*)

VALMONDE.

Now, to my love—

There woo, where I do hate: Wed for revenge.  
Then—let him come. This marriage consummate,  
Not all the rhetoric of her pleading tears—  
Shall heal the breach, or melt him back to love. (*Exit R. H.*)

SCENE II—(3. G.) *A richly furnished apartment in the house of*  
BAPTISTE. *A table and chair far up R & L. centre*  
*doors open. Enter ELEANOR and ROSAMONDE. C.*  
*from R.*

ROSAMONDE. (R. C.)

No tidings say'st thou of our brother yet—  
Nor word of this delay?

ELEANOR. (L. C.)

No—sister, none,

In sooth, I 'gin to weary of the world ;  
And but for thee, my merry Rosamonde,  
Who make'st me look upon the brighter side  
Of circumstance, cheering me still with hope ;  
I fear me, life perforce were burthensome—  
Thus widowed, ere well-wed.

ROSAMONDE.

Such widow hood

Why wilt thou tamely brook ? Thou mew'st thyself  
Here in this lonely cloister of a house,  
Like some repentant nun, whose heavy sin,  
Had buried her in youth—a living corpse.  
May I do this ? Not I ! And now, well thought—  
'Tis said, the gallant Valmonde hath of late  
Renewed his early suit. Is't so, my sister ?

ELEANOR.

He hath, indeed, and fairly grounds his plea,  
Upon the certainty of Harolde's death.  
Ah—me, that thought—(*weeps*).

ROSAMONDE.

Come, cheer thee, smile again ;

And mid the circle of our happy friends—  
Banish thy sorrow.

ELEANOR.

Nay—it is vain ; I cannot.

My heart is consecrated to its first :  
No second love can find a harbor here.  
If Harolde be no more, his memory then  
Must ever hold succession, and henceforth—  
I am the bride of death. (*goes over to R. C.*)

ROSAMONDE.

And wed no more ?

ELEANOR.

Oh, wherefore should I so ? To give my hand,  
With heart, thus ever closed against a love,

That well deserves return. My husband—Harolde—  
 What fate perverse divides us thus? Oh! yet,  
 I cling convulsive (like some drowning wretch  
 That grasps a straw to buoy him on the sea),  
 Still to that hope, how mad and wild soe'er,  
 That this black night of tears, doth but fore-run  
 A happier morn, when we shall meet again.

*Turns sadly up stage, and meets BAPTISTE who enters  
 C. from R. They converse.*

ROSAMONDE.

If this be love, pray heaven that I may ne'er  
 Become the blind boy's target! Constancy—  
 What is 't?—Imprisonment—All sighs and tears;  
 The heart a citadel, whose lord, though hence  
 For years must hold the keys forsooth, and thus  
 Keep close barr'd gates upon it, and though he  
 Ne'er re-inhabit it, no other must.  
 And thus it withers, crumbles, and at last  
 Falls to decay from very lack of use.  
 If e'er I marry, let my husband mind  
 He spends his time at home, and leaves me not  
 To any green and forced widow-hood,  
 Lest so—the citadel prove not impregnable.  
 Nay, if indeed a widow in my youth,  
 The better proves the first, the sooner I—  
 Strive to replace the loss of such a boon.  
 The worse the first be found, the sooner then,  
 I seek to heal my fortune with a better. (*Exit L. H.*)

BAPTISTE and ELEANOR come forward.

BAPTISTE. (R. C.)

What I have said, I urge but on the ground  
 Of Harolde's sure decease; that is most certain.  
 Else wherefore is it, that for three whole years,  
 No word of his hath reached us? Almost daily  
 Are had due posts, e'en from the very ports  
 Where-to he bent his voyage. Valmonde loves thee:  
 E'en now he pray'd my leave to wait upon thee.  
 Let us not see thee pine in solitude,

But greet his love, and thus repair the link,  
Which hath too long been severed 'twixt the world  
And thy young life.

ELEANOR. (L. C.)

'Tis fitly reason'd ; yes—  
Wholesome, and well directed the intent.  
My husband's dead—at last I own belief ;  
I am a wife no longer, but thy daughter.  
As in my childhood days, thy word dear father—  
Fraught with its holy influence, was still  
My truest counsellor, so now, as then,  
At thy behest I will unlock my heart  
If Valmonde plead again : Though, from my soul,  
I would his love might seek a worthier object,  
And sue no more to me.

BAPTISTE.

Yet bear in mind,  
I but advise for thy maturer good.  
Look in thy heart, and let thy course in this  
Find there its guide. *Exit R. I. E. as JULIEN and ROSAMONDE*  
*enter gaily C. from L.*

JULIEN. (C.)

I wish thee well, dear madam  
My spirits now are high, and I may tell thee,  
Thy sister here—

ROSAMONDE. (L. C.)

(*Twitching his sleeve.*) Hush ! 'Tis a secret yet.

JULIEN. (*persisting.*)

Thy sister here—

ROSAMONDE.

Wilt hush ?

ELEANOR. (R. C.)

Nay, let him speak.

ROSAMONDE.

Why let him speak ? He knows not what he says.  
I tell thee, hold thy peace.

ELEANOR.

I give thee leave,  
And promise me, my friend.

JULIEN.

Say'st thou? I'm safe.  
She gives me promise, that whene'er thou wed'st,  
That self-same hour shall make me happy too,  
In her possession.

ELEANOR.

Thou hast been content  
With slender hope, for that may never be.

JULIEN.

Oh, prythee, say not so.

ROSAMONDE.

*(Laughing.)* It is thy chance.  
*They retire, toying together. Enter NICOLE L. H.*

NICOLE. *(Stolidly.)*

Here's one below, desires to see you, madam.

ELEANOR.

Who it is, Master Nicole?

NICOLE.

Valmonde, madam.  
My second master, will be.

ELEANOR.

*(Sternly.)* Sirrah—

NICOLE.

*(Startled)* Madam?

ELEANOR.

No words.

NICOLE.

Not one.

ELEANOR.

I'll see him here.



NICOLE.

I'll say so. *Exit L. H.*JULIEN and ROSAMONDE, *come down R.*

ELEANOR.

Nay, go not, sister.

JULIEN.

Pardon us, dear lady:  
But I have now, a question of some weight  
To bring to issue; for I dread the adage—

“ There's many a slip,  
’Twixt the cup and the lip,”  
And sad were my carriage—  
If ’twixt this and our marriage,  
Some demon should pop-in  
With purpose of stopping  
Our union, and lopping  
The hope that I—

ROSAMONDE.

Silence—no more—I give thee promise now,  
My hand is thine to claim, so thou deserv'st it.

JULIEN.

A bargain. Come! Thy virgin days are o'er.

*Exeunt JULIEN, ROSAMONDE, R. H. Enter VALMONDE, L. H.*

VALMONDE.

Thy servant, Madam.

ELEANOR.

Sir—The like to thee.  
But wherefore dost thou use unneeded form?  
A friend less valu'd, might make bolder call.  
And thou art ever welcome.

VALMONDE.

Generous lady—

I thank thee heartily, but fear'd to hazard  
So priz'd a greeting, which, it were to peril,  
Lacking such courtesy.

ELEANOR.

Again, most welcome,

As one, the nearest of our cherish'd friends.

I will not here, affect an ignorance  
Of thy true meaning, and I well divine,  
The purport of thine errand.

VALMONDE.

This noble kindness,

I estimate with fervent gratitude,  
That thus thou read'st my purpose. My poor tongue,  
Would fail me in its task, to plead a theme,  
Whereon my life is poised.

ELEANOR.

Oh—yet forbear!

Why seek a hand—an empty barren hand,  
That brings no heart along?

VALMONDE.

Give me but that,

Thy hand and thine esteem—say not thy love,  
Were boon more rich, than riches numberless,  
Which having I lose thee. I am content  
To spend my life in hope, though hopeless ever.  
Oh—speak my fate!

ELEANOR.

I will not here waste words,

In that, which thou so oft hast drawn from me—  
A vow that my heart is dead to love.

Yet—if esteem, coupled with due resolve,  
To drive, if possible, from out my thought,  
All that may wrong thy love, by harboring there—  
My hand—is—thine. *(Turns from him.)*

VALMONDE.

Oh—rapture, past all words.

Thus let me seal, upon thy hand—the bond  
Which makes thee mine; prouder in this possession  
Than Cæsar, in his conquest of the world.

*(Kisses her hand.)*

ELEANOR.

Pray thee, now—leave me.

VALMONDE.

Shall I disobey thee?

I go, and with the warrant of thy word,  
Seek straight the notary, and have prepared  
The precious contract, which confirms the gift.

ELEANOR.

I am most passive—Even when thou wilt;  
But leave me—now.

VALMONDE.

My heart will yet remain. *Exit L. H.*

ELEANOR.

'Tis done! Oh—Harolde—Husband, only love;  
If that thy spirit hovers o'er me now;  
Be judge, how absent is my heart from this—  
And seal my pardon, as I say—farewell!

*Sinks in chair R. C. The scene closes her in.*

SCENE III—(2. G.) *A wood. High rocks and trees. Enter HAR-*  
*OLDE R. 2. E. in travelling garb.*

HAROLDE.

My native woods and venerable hills—  
Scenes of my youth—Again I gaze upon ye!  
Hail, huge and hoary mountains, that for ages—  
To the rude war of elements, have bare'd  
Your hardy crests, unscathed, as yet, by all.  
Ye grand old giants of antiquity—  
And striving to o'ertop each other—how  
Ye lift your lofty heads, with sapling beards  
And knaile'd locks to heaven, bathing there—  
In cloudy vapor, 'gainst that boundless arch!  
Ye are, or old or new, for ye have stood  
Uncounted cycles, and are still the same.  
Now to my home. Oh—with what golden pictures,  
My raptur'd fancy, paints the coming hour!

Who passes there ? I know that face—whose is it ?

I know him now.

*Enter JULIEN L. H.*

Well met, friend.

JULIEN.

*Passing him without recognition)* So to you,  
And salutation.

HAROLDE.

What—no more ?

JULIEN.

What else ?

Who are you, Sir ?

HAROLDE.

Nay—look, and answer thou: *(Pause.)*

What—still a stranger ? *(aside)* Am I then, so chang'd ?

Now heaven forfend, like greeting waits me not

From dearer hands ! Is this my welcome home ?

The soil of travel, and the bronze of time

Obscures the trace of friends. Give me thy hand,

And know me Julien. *(Doffs his hat.)*

JULIEN.

Harolde ?

HAROLDE.

*(They clasp hands)*

He, thy brother.

JULIEN.

We long have deem'd thee dead. Oh—speak, how is it ?

HAROLDE.

Let that suffice anon. How doth my wife ?

For joy and hope and fear, and fondest longing

Hold fierce contention. Tell me how she doth.

JULIEN.

Much were't thou needed, and art timely come ;

For lacking letters, all believ'd thee dead ;

And after long entreaty, on the part

Of Valmonde, thy close friend, and *(more than this.)*

Her near'st of kin, she hath, at last consented

To be his wife.

HAROLDE.

Ha—Like a thunderbolt,  
That word hath pierc'd my heart, and in that realm,  
Where all, but now was life, all now is death.  
Have I return'd for this? But where—when—how?  
Speak out the worst.

JULIEN.

The notary, even now  
Hath drawn the contract, which at fall of eve  
Is to be signed; then lose no time in words,  
But fly to her, and thus prevent, at once,  
An act, be sure she loathes.

HAROLDE.

(*A brief pause.*) Not so—not so.  
I fain would witness, (yet, unknown to ail)  
This ceremony, and by her demeanor  
Thus fairly judge, if this be with her will—  
A free consent. If 'tis, why, then farewell  
To every tie of life, and welcome death.

JULIEN.

What is thy drift?

HAROLDE.

No—matter—but I charge thee,  
By all our brotherhood, thou breath'st no word  
Of my approach, until thou hast my leave.

JULIEN.

I pledge my faith to this.

HAROLDE.

I thank thee, now,  
Show me this notary, for I must see him:  
Then leave me, and return.

JULIEN.

'Tis here, at hand.

*Exeunt R. H.*

SCENE IV.—(4. G.) *The library in the house of BAPTISTE. Centre doors open. Table and chairs R. and L. of C. Writing materials on L. Table, Books, &c. ELEANOR seated at L. Table; BAPTISTE, near her, and VALMONDE conversing with guests. ROSAMONDE at R. table. JULIEN, near her.*

BAPTISTE.

Come—look more cheerly : smile upon the hour,  
Which may bring happiness without a cloud.

ELEANOR.

I cannot smile, yet—what I must, I will  
Without persuation more. 'Tis for my weal,  
And thou know'st best.

BAPTISTE.

I think it, from my soul.

The time shall come, when back upon this eve,  
Thy memory shall turn with joy unmix'd,  
As that, which drew thee back again to life,  
And so brought peace to me. *(Bell rings.)*

*Enter NICOLE C. from R.*

Now Sir—who is it?

NICOLE.

The notary and clerk.

*(ELEANOR starts up.)*

BAPTISTE.

We wait them here.

NICOLE.

I'll say so.

*(Exit C. off R.)*

JULIEN.

*(Observing ELEANOR)* Heaven! what a shock was there.  
Go to thy sister. Look—she seems not well.

*ROSAMONDE goes to ELEANOR L. of C. who has come forward. Enter NOTARY C. from L. follow'd by HAROLDE, disguis'd as clerk.*

NOTARY.

Your pardon, sir. I've brought this gentleman,  
(Sometime a scrivener in my service) here  
To serve as witness.

BAPTISTE,

He is welcome with you.

NOTARY *sits at back of L. Table.* HARLODE *at R. Table.*

ROSAMONDE.

Why sister, what a sigh: and that pale cheek  
Betokens keenest grief.

ELEANOR.

'Tis nothing—No.

The novelty and suddenness of this,  
Might give a paleness to a rougher cheek.  
Within this hour, do I not resign  
The treasured memory of him, who was—  
Is, ever must be, undethroned liege  
Of my true heart. E'en in the grave—  
Where he, at once its king and idol lies,  
Be that as distant as the farthest point  
Of earth's extended regions; even there—  
My love lies bury'd, ne'er to be exhum'd  
While matter doth exist.

HAROLDE.

*(Apart)*

What do I hear?

Oh, sense, betray me not, but let mine ears  
Drink deep of that loved voice. Oh! let me quaff  
The nectar of those tones, that bear me back  
To brighter days of joy!

NOTARY.

Sir, by your leave,

If now there be no bar to our proceeding,  
The evening wears, while in this worthy presence  
In terms specific is the contract drawn—  
Waiting acknowledgement.

BAPTISTE.

There is no bar.

My daughter, come.

HAROLDE.

*(Aside.)* Hold, heart.

VALMONDE.

All is prepar'd.

Give me the pen, that I, with heart too full  
 Of this blest hour, may sign the gentle scroll.  
*(Signs.)* Now lady, yours.

HAROLDE.

My life is on the die:

*(Apart.)*

What is the cast?

VALMONDE.

Give me thy pardon, lady;

And let my love, excuse my seeming haste.

All is in waiting for thy signature—

'Tending thy leisure.

ELEANOR.

My husband, now, forever—

I bid farewell to thee. If thou'rt in heaven

Oh, let thy spirit look in pity down,

And smile forgiveness, on my present act.

Or if thou livest, may all elements,

Fire, earth, air, water, all combine at once

And bear thee back to me, 'ere yet the last

And fatal consummation of this deed

Shall rend all link between us.

*She goes to L. Table.*

HAROLDE.

*(Springs forward R.)* ELEANOR!

ELEANOR.

What sound is in mine ears?

HAROLDE.

Thy husband's voice.



ELEANOR.

My Husband—thou—

HAROLDE.

*(Throws of disguise.)*

Aye, look upon me dearest—

He, that stern fate, hath separated thus,  
 From thee, thou Empress of my loyal soul;  
 Wey-worn with travel, but with bounding heart,  
 Is here to claim thee—ELEANOR—my wife!

*They Embrace C. The other characters advance either side.*

## DISPOSITION.

HAROLDE.

ELEANOR.

ROSAMONDE.

BAPTISTE.

JULIEN.

*Rapid Curtain.*

VALMONDE.

E N D   O F   T H E

F I R S T   A C T .

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A street* (1. G.) *Enter VALMONDE, R. H.*

VALMONDE.

The fiend hath aided him! The very hour,  
When sure fulfillment seemed to crown my hopes,  
And all was in my grasp; he, in a breath,  
Shivers my labor'd fabric to the ground!  
How hath it chanced that he escaped our watch?  
Awake my wits! spend not the present hour—  
To mourn the luckless past, but grasp the future!  
The paroxism of their joy is o'er;  
Their second honey-moon, shall wane ere long—  
A calm succeed the storm. My plan is ta'en,  
And ripe for execution. But one card,  
To make complete my hand—the game is mine.

GEREAUD.

(*Outside L. H.*) Away—I've nothing for thee, leave me, fellow—  
Hold off thy hand. *Enter GEREAUD L. H.*

VALMONDE.

(*Angrily*) Now—Sirrah, art thou here?  
Thou'st kept a wary eye; I am thy debtor.  
Why dost thou seek me now?

GEREAUD.

For I have heard  
Already, from the tongues of busy rumor,  
Word of the strange, and all unlooked for coming—  
Of this same masking husband, who hath slipped  
Our joint and sleepless vigils—Now to ask  
If all ends here? Not so—how I may still  
Devote my service to thee.

VALMONDE.

Mark me then,

I need an instrument—a ready tool,  
Who would not scruple to enact a part  
That I should set him down. With such a one,  
This my defeat, should turn to victory.

GEREAUD.

If it may fall within my proper trust,  
I frankly crave the task.

VALMONDE.

Aye—but there seems  
Grave hint of danger here. For sometime past,  
It is too broadly known that thou hast been  
A close dependant on me. This may give  
Ground for some shrewd suspicion of myself.  
This may not be. I still must be most clear—  
Loud in my censure of this subtle knave  
To give't the show I need.

GEREAUD.

Then sir, if one—

Of quick and crafty wit—an apt address,  
Yet one so sunk, and desperate in his need,  
He would, for money, coin his very soul;  
He fell upon me here, imploring food  
Like to a madman, till I struck him from me,  
And left him on the road.

VALMONDE.

But who was this?

GEREAUD.

He's called LE ROUX.

VALMONDE.

What he? I know him well;  
The man <sup>of</sup> all the world. His household goods  
Now on the point of seizure. Seek him out,

From this full purse (*give purse*) replenish his low means,  
 Upon condition that he serves my will.  
 Robe him in rich attire, and bring him quickly  
 To where we may confer,

GEREAUD.

Count it as done. *Exit L. H.)*

VALMONDE.

Now for the scene—the hour—and all is mine.

*(Exit R. H.)*

SCENE II.—(*Full depth of stage*). *Garden of BAPTISTE'S house.*  
*Arbour U. E. L. Rustic seat R. C. Flower Vase*  
*C. House and large porch with steps U. E. R. En-*  
*ter HAROLDE and ELEANOR, at back from L. of*  
*Vase.*

ELEANOR.

— How fair this golden morn, beaming again  
 Upon the nighted past; while the pure air  
 Breathes love in every sigh, heavy with odors  
 Of nature's own perfume.

HAROLDE.

Such was the hour,  
 In which I saw thee, rich in maiden bloom,  
 And own'd at once thy power. My thrall'd heart,  
 Like to a bird, beat as to burst its cage;  
 Disdaining the confinement of these bars—  
 Flew straight to thee. And may our new-born loves,  
 Flow ever, in a deep—unrippled stream,  
 As sweet as 'tis profound.

ELEANOR.

That tender prayer,  
 Shall find its ceaseless echo, in my heart—  
 Its orison for ever. Happy hour!  
 Again, oh yet once more, I pray thee tell  
 The story of thy travels; for indeed

As thou describest them, I do tread, in thought,  
Those stranger lands with thee; I hear the laugh  
Of the gay throng, and seem to live a life—  
Like to a glorious dream.

HAROLDE.

Thinkest thou I dwell

With pleasure on those scenes? No, on my soul!  
The empty mockeries of pomp, to me  
Were things unwelcome, which too rudely broke  
The placid surface of my sea of thought  
Where all my dreams, were of my home and thee.  
How often have I fled those gorgous nothings  
And sought the summit of some promontory—  
To stretch my eager gaze o'er the wide sea,  
As if to reach my home, or catch perchance  
Some word of thine, born on the amorous winds,  
Which in their wanton theft, had snatch'd the music  
Fresh from thy lip; then—call upon thy name;  
But mocking echo was my sole reply.

ELEANOR.

Oh—blissfull moment! I shall love too madly  
And surfeit thee with fondness—toy upon thee  
Until thou shun'st to hear me.

HAROLDE.

Never—never!

The earth shall sooner weary of the sun,  
(Which is its light—its day—its radiant life)  
Than I of thee! Bethink thee—Can'st thou, love,  
Glut and o'er swell great neptune's liquid world  
The mighty deep, that stretches round this globe  
Its broad and fluent girdle, but by dropping  
Into its flood thy tears? Even so—mine ears.  
Could never drink to surfeit of the tones  
Of thy loved voice. Then let me listen ever—  
And to the music of its melting lay,  
'Twere meet to pass to heaven.

ELEANOR.

What of earth—  
So pure and holy sweet as wedded love?  
Yet, wilt thou not regard me, one o'er fond—  
More fitting fresher years—unsobber'd yet  
By ripening time?

HAROLDE.

May we ne'er see that day—  
That frosty day, when love hath lost its youth;  
But may our loves, know but one endless spring—  
Ceaseless their verdure—as that glorious orb  
That warms all things to life, hath quenchless fire.  
And be our lives, but one long breathing kiss—  
Fading to death, in such oblivion.

*Enter BAPTISTE, from the house.*

BAPTISTE.

Ye toying laggards, must I ever find ye,  
Skulking in corners?

ELEANOR.

Nay, your pardon father;  
You shall not gage us yet.

BAPTISTE.

But I must drive ye.  
Some needful preparations are at halt,  
Waiting thy personal eye: and here within,  
Valmonde attends to greet ye.

HAROLDE.

Say we come.

*(Exit BAPTISTE, to house)*

Let us obey this summons. Gem o'the earth—  
That doth enrich the hand, which lacking thee,  
Were poor with Croesus' wealth.

*Ereunt to house.*

*(Enter JULIEN and ROSAMONDE, from arbour.)*

ROSAMONDE.

(L. C.)

Wilt thou persist?  
Why, what a plague's the man! No more, I say.  
What would'st thou have?

JULIEN.

R. C.

Dost ask ? Three times to day,

I've brought thee to a point, when like an eel  
Thou slipp'st my fingers. Thou'rt an icicle,  
That fire can never melt.

ROSAMONDE.

Dost thou complain ?

JULIEN.

Is not this cruelty ; Cold—blooded wrong ?  
Now prythee smile--thou dost.

ROSAMONDE.

Well, if I do—

What's in a smile ?

JULIEN.

My hope—My life !

ROSAMONDE.

*(Mockingly.)*

Oh—Dear !

JULIEN.

My gentle Rosamonde, heaven's choicest blessings  
Pour thick upon thee ever, and thy path  
Be strewn with fairest flowers. That bright smile  
Play ever on thy lip. 'Tis like the sun,  
Who, in his rich refulgence, blesses all  
That have the hit to bask them 'neath his rays—  
Thou angel sweet !

ROSAMONDE.

Save me—what a strain is here !

Kind heaven grant thou hast not losts thy wits  
That thus thou runnest wild. Such rhapsody  
Came never from thy sane and sober brain.  
'Tis sure thou'rt sun-struck, and excess of heat  
Hath swelled the gaseous contents of the globe,  
(Like air in bubbles, uttered from the pipes  
Of sporting urchins) and the brittle skull  
Thus overcharg'd, hath yielded, thence proceeds  
This crazy volubility.

JULIEN.

Most true:

I suffer now the stroke from those twin suns  
That glitter 'neath thy brow, yet do I court  
Their fiercest power and find within their beams  
Heaven-born elysium.

ROSAMONDE.

Art thou not drunk?

JULIEN.

Aye truly; 'wildered and intoxicate,  
With the strong radiance of thy sparkling eyes,  
Beyond all cure, save I may quaff the nectar  
Of thy balm-breathing lips. *(Offers to kiss her.)*

ROSAMONDE.

*(Preventing him.)* Your pardon, sir—

I'm not your doctor yet. And if I were,  
No patient is allowed to choose his cure.  
That's the physician's care. The cure you seek,  
I fear would but enrage the malady,  
Provoking fiercer fever, by the means  
Meant to put out the fire.

JULIEN.

Be my leech,

I am thy patient and with patience wait  
Thy sweet prescription; Come—pronounce it straight.  
Thy most impatient, patient, patiently  
Prays to be told when thou'lt complete his cure.  
'Tis in thy hand the magic power lies.

ROSAMONDE.

Right well delivered, and upon my life  
A pretty speech. I pray where learned you that?  
Speak it again. Yet no; It would not sound  
So well on repetition. He who wrote it,  
Were wise indeed to burn the manuscript,  
Lest it should grow too common. If you know him,  
Commission him to write as much for me,  
So speak my answer.



JULIEN.

Nay—I prythee now—

I deal in earnest with thee. Jest no more;  
But with a sadness, equal to mine own,  
Give me appointment.

ROSAMONDE.

Art thou then—good sooth  
In serious vein? Well then—as frankly I—

JULIEN.

*(Eagerly.)*

Well—Thou—

ROSAMONDE.

*(Simpering.)* That is—I mean—

JULIEN.

Yes—

ROSAMONDE.

I—

JULIEN.

Well, speak!

ROSAMONDE.

I will sir, and I name next—

JULIEN.

Well—the day?

*(Enter VALMONDE and BAPTISTE from the house.)*

ROSAMONDE.

I would but am prevented; look—my father.

JULIEN.

The plague possess him! *(Crossing impatiently L.)*

ROSAMONDE.

Sir—

JULIEN.

I beg your pardon;

At such a time as this—I—

BAPTISTE. (R. C.)

Come, thou shrew ;  
We have o'erheard this merry difference.  
Julien hath claimed thee of me, on thy promise,  
My heart runs o'er consent, and with the morrow—  
Ye shall not be your own, but each, the others.

JULIEN.

Thou hear'st—

ROSAMONDE.

I'll not. (*Exeunt into arbour.*)

VALMONDE.

A happy day to all. (*Crosses L.*)

BAPTISTE.

Adieu the while, yet be not hence to morrow ;  
For thou, of all our friends, we must not lack,  
To grace our ceremony.

VALMONDE.

I am bid

By Harolde and your daughter, whom but now,  
I parted from. That day, of all the year,  
Were fitly chosen, as to celebrate  
Our voyagers return.

*Re-Enter ROSAMONDE and JULIEN from the arbour, toying.*

BAPTISTE

Look, where she comes,  
Chafing her lover, flying still the hunt,  
For worlds she would not 'scape. Tarry and mark.

ROSAMONDE. (L. C.)

I vow I will not. Tease me not upon't,  
Or I withdraw my promise.

JULIEN. (R. C.)

Rosamonde—

ROSAMONDE.

What, wed to morrow? The man is sure deranged.  
No preparations made—no feast—no guests  
Bid to th' occasion.

BAPTISTE.

This will not serve to plead.

The preparations are already made :  
The feast—the guests—and all necessities  
Already toward.

ROSAMONDE.

This without my will ;  
And like a lamb, I must be led to slaughter,  
Whether I will or no.

JULIEN.

No ; to the altar,  
Where ladies wish to go. I am the lamb ;  
Thou hold'st me to the slaughter, to withhold  
The dish must feed my life. Wilt see me starve ?  
I die without thee.

ROSAMONDE.

Call'st thou me a dish ?

JULIEN.

Aye—for the gods most fit.

ROSAMONDE.

The gods forefend  
To make of me a dish ? What yield thy liberty,  
And lose thy free "career" in the gay world ?

JULIEN.

I lose to win—sweeter "career" at home.

VALMONDE.

Most merry lady, you o'erfly his reach.  
'Light where thou should'st, within his gentle swoop ;  
For while thy laughing spirit holds him off ;  
I know thy heart jumps with the general wish—  
And thou art self-opposed.

ROSAMONDE.

All in the cry ?

Nay then, to cover, lest ye run me down,  
I'm not your game to-day.

*(Runs over to R. C. where BAPTISTE stops her.)*

BAPTISTE,

Stay ! who is here ?

*Enter NICOLE, L. H. speaking in a monotone.*

NICOLE.

The notary is bid, and here at hand, with wig and spectacles, pens, ink, and parchment, to plight my young mistress. The curate is warned, and sharpens his teeth, for the feast, that is to follow the wedding to-morrow. The fiddler gathers his train, all is in ripeness, so let me pass, for I must in and stir the house to bustle.

*(Exit into house.)*

ROSAMONDE.

All this for me ? Then am I run to stand.

BAPTISTE.

Aye, flout no more ; Thine hour draws to hand.

ROSAMONDE.

Fairly compell'd. Nay then, I'll brave my fate ;  
So there's my hand, the earnest of the dish  
That is to feed thy life. Come—let us in.  
But no “careering.”—

JULIEN.

Save with thee at home.

*(Exeunt gaily to the house.)*

VALMONDE.

A merry tempered lady.

BAPTISTE.

Come—your hand,

And let us follow them.

VALMONDE.

Your leave to day,  
Some needful matters claim my care the while  
But I am yours to-morrow—so—adieu.

BAPTISTE.

Adieu, but fail us not.

VALMONDE.

Oh—I am bound.

*(Exit BAPTISTE to house.)*

Fail—quoth he! Aye—it were to fail indeed,  
If after labor ceaseless to o'erthrow  
Their cup of joy, I leave them now in peace,  
To quaff its sweets unshaken, and retire—  
Like an obedient cur. Not so—fond husband.  
Thy wife and thou my hate, and against both,  
I here direct my battery of revenge.  
This wedding be my hour. This beggar serves me.  
Waiting my signal. Let these cooing doves,  
Revel their hour of new-born, short lived bliss,  
Their 'wilderer day of love, shall close in night,  
The darker from the brightness of its morn!  
Here, in my breast, doth burn a hell of hate,  
More fierce—more raging and inexorable—  
Than the vex'd sea, whose billows dash the sky.

*(Exit I. H.)**Rapid Curtain.*

E N D O F T H E

S E C O N D A C T .

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—(*Full depth of stage.*) *A large and splendid Salon, brilliantly lighted. Open passages, (columns) revealing halls still beyond. Guests male and female, sitting, and walking about. Organ music faintly heard within, which upon the entrance of BAPTISTE, changes to livelier strains. Enter BAPTISTE, from C. R.*

BAPTISTE.

To each and all of this most fair assembly,  
Who here do grace my daughter's nuptial hour;  
I speak at once their welcome and my thanks.  
The bridal being o'er, I pray you all  
To greet the bride and groom, with jocund smiles.  
Pitch gravity i'the street, and in his room,  
Let laughter crack its throat with boisterous mirth.

GUEST.

Thou'rt merry sir; It gives us joy thou art so,  
Thine age is buoyant.

BAPTISTE.

Age—I have forgot it;  
My youth comes back to me; see here the cause.

*Music louder, Enter (C. from R.) JULIEN and ROSA.  
MONDE, followed by ELEANOR and bridesmaids.*

My son-in-law and daughters—see my children;  
Your friends attend ye here, to give ye greeting,  
And wish ye happiness

ELEANOR. (R.)

We are their debtors.

Let us not tax the lips of bride and groom,  
Which have too dear employment now at point  
To lose their time in thanks, but let me speak  
For them their gratitude.

JULIEN.

And wherefore not?

We did the like for thee, some three years since,  
When thy lips were the mark of such close seige,  
No word could pass from thence.

ROSAMONDE.

Not so with me.

For though my hand hath lost its maidenhood,  
My lips are virgin still.

JULIEN.

True—not a kiss

Hath she vouchsafed me yet, but doffs me still  
With some tormenting jest, and thus I starve  
In midst of plenty.

*(All laugh.)*

ROSAMONDE.

I but I old the reins

While yet I may. The hour draws to hand,  
When I must yield them to thee.

JULIEN.

When thou dost,

I'll drive the faster, for this loss of time.

*Enter NICOLE, (C. from R.) and stands C.*

NICOLE.

The ball room is lighted, the horns are warming their metal,  
the flutes are trying their compass, the fiddlers rosin their bows,  
and all the instruments are putting forth most hideous clamors at  
non-employment. Everything is in high steam, and company  
alone is wanted.

BAPTISTE.

Say we come, and bid them strike their liveliest.

NICOLE.

I'll say so.

*(Exit C. off R.)*

BAPTISTE.

Come let each now vie in mirth  
Which doth his part or hers, with heartiest zeal.

MUSIC.—*Exeunt (C. off R.)* MUSIC *then grows more faint and soon ceases entirely. Enter VALMONDE (L. H.) followed by LE ROUX, (Richly dressed) VALMONDE goes up and looks off R. then returns to LE ROUX L. C.*

VALMONDE.

Thou know'st thy part ; perform it, as 'tis set,  
And what I promise, shall seem poor to that  
Which thou shall realize. Be not amazed  
Though I upbraid thee roughly. 'Tis the spring  
Of half my work.

LE ROUX.

I cannot say my will  
Leans with this purpose ; Save that you assure me,  
The trick involves no wrong, beyond the point  
Whence all may be retrieved

VALMONDE.

As I have said—

Away at once. *(Exit LE ROUX C. off R.)*

Don now, thy garb of love,  
Oh, subtle wit ; still keep my practice clear  
From harmful word of her. By this safe course,  
Past hope, dethrone this monarch of her love,  
And strip him of his empire. Look—he comes.  
Be firm of heart, my friend—and confident ;  
Lest I do turn thy honey into gall.  
*(Enter HAROLDE, C. from R.)*

A joyfull evening to you.

HAROLDE.

Welcome hither !

You are too late ; we lacked your company.  
I must, perforce, lay blame on the occasion  
Hath held you absent. You are such a friend,  
As, whom to lack, makes incomplete our circle.

VALMONDE.

I thank you cordially and plead excuse—  
That I have been thus tardy.



HAROLDE.

Tis o'erlooked.

But play no more the truant. Let us seek  
The brighter scene within.

VALMONDE.

I tended thither ;

Lead you—yet stay—a word before we go.  
As I came in, a stranger passed me here,  
And seemed to seek, with stealthy speed, the room  
Where sport the dancers. He was gaily dressed,  
And wore the mein of one who held the right  
Of old acquaintanceship.

HAROLDE.

I noted one—

To me, at least, a stranger, as I left  
That room for this. He sought my wife e'en now ;  
I left them close in converse. What of him ?  
Dost thou not know him ?

VALMONDE.

I have said, indeed

He was a stranger. Did it not excite  
At least thy notice, that he singled out  
Thy wife, of all the room, he unrepresented ?

HAROLDE.

Not so. I deemed him one, made welcome here  
Since my departure hence, as many friends  
Are haply made since then, and rested there.

VALMONDE.

(*Half Aside.*) The bold effrontry of such a knave !  
I know this fellow. He is one, whose brain  
Most fruitful is in schemes. Of tongue as smooth  
As shall hold match against the fiend himself ;—  
Of honey'd words, whose sweetness is their sting.

HAROLDE.

How gained he entrance here ?

VALMONDE.

I cannot think.

It doth amaze me, and is past belief.  
This let me tell thee now. In this vile wretch  
Doth lie all cause, why I prefer'd again  
My early suit of love.

HAROLDE.

In him the cause?  
Here, and at once, this mystery explain,  
That I may know him too.

VALMONDE.

I shall do so. (*Looks towards C.*)

But see. We are prevented ; stand apart—  
And be the better judge.

(*They retire 3. E. L.*) as ELEANOR, followed by

LE ROUX. *Enters C. from R.*

LE ROUX. (R. C.)

I have been bold.

Your pardon, lady, that unheralded  
By formal presentation, I presume  
To offer speech to you ; but I may claim  
A friend's dear privilege, upon the ground  
I now have named.

ELEANOR. (L. C.)

You are most freely welcome.  
You say, you were the comrade of my husband,  
While in a distant land, and such a link  
Makes you, at once my friend.

LE ROUX.

I thank you, madam.

I would not press too much upon your leisure ;  
Yet, with your courtesy, would fain entreat  
Some further converse. Let us, for a time,  
Taste the soft breeze of eve upon the lawn  
Ere we return.

ELEANOR.

And you shall speak to me,  
Of the strange haps and busy accidents  
That so prolonged the absence of my husband.

LE ROUX.

Most welcome theme. Your hand—

*They go off conversing in show, through the arches**U. E. L. HAROLDE and VALMONDE, re-appear, ob-  
serving them.*

HAROLDE

This is most strange,  
What is his purpose, think you?

VALMONDE.

Aye—what indeed?

His thought is hydra in its purposes—  
An hundred headed. More of this at present  
I cannot give you; but with prudent haste  
Seek me i'the garden, where and when, at full  
I will disclose what has been thus begun.  
Away and note their conduct, and from that  
Deduce thine own conclusion.

HAROLDE.

If he be

The thing that thou describest him, wherefore not  
Spurn him from hence, as I would drive a dog;  
Nor suffer him, a moment to pollute  
The house, with his vile presence.

VALMONDE.

So—you bar

A more complete revealment, which indeed  
Behooves you to accomplish. See you now—  
Where they return.

ELEANOR and LE ROUX, *pass leisurly at back from  
L. to and off R. She is nearest the front.*

HAROLDE.

I'll join her—

*(Going C.)*

VALMONDE.

Question not,

'Till we speak further on 't.

HAROLDE.

So—I will not. (*Exit C. off R.*)

VALMONDE.

The line is thrown—the hook is swallow'd—I  
Can play him at my pleasure, 'till he drown.

*Enter LE ROUX C. from R. laughing. HAROLDE appears, observing.*

LE ROUX. (R. C.)

Ha, ha! Why what a silly jade is this same wife? She doats upon me truly.

VALMONDE. (L. C.)

Silence, thou wretch, nor thus offend all decency by this loud boasting. Begone!

LE ROUX.

Pshaw! He rails against the sport, who hath not the wit to compass it. She loves me; look!—the proof.

(*Crosses to L. flourishing locket.*)

VALMONDE.

(*Aside.*) Her picture—he has stolen it—fortune favors.

LE ROUX.

A wager—come—I draw her from her guests, ere the night pass. What say you? Eh—ha—ha—

VALMONDE.

(*Aloud*) Silence, I say; or I expose thy villainy as it deserves, and will myself redress this burning insult, against those I call my friends. For shame—Begone—vile braggart—hence!

*Thrusts LE ROUX off L. H. and follows him.*

HAROLDE. (*Comes forward.*)

What fire is in my heart, that whelms me thus,  
In wild conjecture and misshapen thought?  
What this may mean, swift search shall ravel out—  
This day, begun in bliss—here ends in doubt.

*Sinks in a chair. Scene closes.*

SCENCE II.—(I. G.) *A part of the same grounds, Enter VALMONDE L. H. and points R.*

VALMONDE.

Here in their garden, where their melting hearts  
Have mingled in their floods of amorous joy—  
Now, will I pour my rank ingredients in,  
He is my play thing, which like brittle glass  
I crush at will.

*Enter LE ROUX L. H.*

LE ROUX.

Here at your summons, sir—  
I wait my further task, I 'gin to flag  
Of such a practice, for my hapless wife.  
Hath often known the bounty of their hands.  
'Tis base to wrong them.

VALMONDE.

Bah! Hold up thy head,  
'Tis fortune thou pursu'st. She smiles upon,  
And becons thee to follow. Wilt thou turn,  
Now she is in thy grasp, and lose her ever?  
Come! be thyself—a man!

LE ROUX.

What service more?

VALMONDE.

E'en this. Address, as to thy lady-love,  
A warm epistle of a guilty flame;  
And as I prompt thee—see 't convey'd to her.  
But one thing more remains; the which performed;  
No more thy wife shall pine in poverty,  
But thou with plenty, shalt dispel her tears.

LE ROUX

Oh—then, I must. What is't?

VALMONDE.

It is their wont  
To walk here in their garden. Be at hand;  
And when he parts from her, as 'tis devised,  
Make some discourse, shall draw her from the house,  
Where we may light upon you.

LE ROUX.

At this hour,

She oft has made her visits to my wife,  
To bring her means of comfort.

VALMONDE.

Should this fall,

Follow her thither quickly—cross her there.  
Mark : thy success in this, shall be the dawn  
Of better fortune. Haste and gain thy post.  
I'll charge thee more, as time shall minister.

*Exeunt R. H.*

SCENE III.—*The Garden, same as in Act II. Enter Harolde  
and Eleanor from the house. She wears a mantle.*

ELEANOR.

You are too thoughtful. Let us 'scape the throng  
To walk here in the air. A night serene,  
And the sweet odor, wafted from the grove,  
Woo's us to taste its balm.

HAROLDE.

*(Abstracted)* Behold yon sky!

What myriads of bright worlds bedeck that arch,  
Fair as the morn of hope. Gaze upon one—  
It burns, perchance, brighter than all the rest,  
But look again—a moment—and 'tis gone  
Into obscuring space, and where it shone,  
Darkness has fallen: like to those fickle fires  
Seen in the briny deep, which blaze and die,  
Ere one can say—'tis there.

ELEANOR.

But there is one,

Constant and changeless—burning ever on,  
True as the holy love, that warms our hearts—  
Melting two souls in one. Look where it rides—  
High in the north, by whose true fixed fire  
The daring mariner may guide the bark  
Which bears his all of earth.

VALMONDE and LE ROUX *enter stealthily, U. E. R.  
listening at back.*

HAROLDE.

Oh—let that star  
Symbol thy truth till Phœbus' flaming disc,  
(From whence is drawn its everlasting light),  
Beams on this earth no more, but in one chaos  
Yon world to atoms fall! My Eleanor—  
Though I am loathe to leave thee for an instant,  
Yet, at this hour, my word is given to seek  
A friend of early stamp, Yet—lacking, love,  
Full leave from thee, I'll break it.

ELEANOR.

Wherefore so?

I will not have thee break it. Go at once;  
And of thine absence, I'll employ the hour  
In dealing charity. Not far from hence,  
There dwells a needy mother and her child,  
Whose heavy hearts, my means have often lightened.  
Thither I'll haste, with Nicole for my guard,  
And win again their thanks.

VALMONDE *now motions* LE ROUX *of* L. Û. E., *and*  
*retires.*

HAROLDE.

Yet lest our friends  
Esteem their welcome scouted, wait upon them,  
And make our joint excuse.

ELEANOR.

'Twere better so;

But do not tarry long.

HAROLDE.

An hour at most.

*Exit* ELEANOR *to the house.*

Now, for this mystery.

VALMONDE.

*(advancing.)*

Again, good even.

HAROLDE.

Thou art well found, and I am bent to know  
What thou hast promised. Who and what was he,  
Who now hath shown such strange, ill-seemed behaviour,  
Here at our fete, unbidden?

VALMONDE.

As from you,  
I should in like regard expect such service,  
I will not slack to you.

HAROLDE.

Quick, let me know him.  
I heard his ribald bragging. His bold words  
Impierc'd mine ear like to a thunderclap:  
I kindled at the insult,

VALMONDE.

Hear me, then ;  
Partly in vindication of myself—  
In that, to her, I late did make renewal  
Of my rejected suit.

HAROLDE.

No more on that.  
Thy grounds were broad.

VALMONDE.

That I, like to the rest,  
Believed thee dead? Not so, but here declare—  
What I have done, was to preserve thine honor  
Against the machinations of this villain,  
Who seems to hold allegiance with the devil,  
And thence derives the witchery of his tongue,  
Which charms but to destroy.

HAROLDE.

Talk not in clouds,  
But deal in plainer phrase.

VALMONDE.

Even at thy word,  
For he shall have no screening. This vile knave,  
Some two months since, while in a drunken rousè,  
Made boast to me, that for these three years past,  
His pockets, emptied at the hazard table,  
Still found replenishment and full resource



Even in thine ample means, and that thy wife  
Was the fair key that opened at his will  
Thy treasures to his purpose.

HAROLDE.

Do I hear?

What more? Withhold not. Speak the sum at once,  
That I may know my course.

VALMONDE.

This much beyond  
Was added to his boast: That he had gain'd,  
Ere then, the mastery of her heart's fond love  
And held her at his will.

HAROLDE.

The blister'd villain—  
The shameless, fiend-like liar! Show me him,  
That I may tear his heart, forth from his breast  
And show the world how foul a thing it is.

VALMONDE.

Nay, calm thyself. From then until the present,  
I closely have observ'd them, and to save  
Her and thy fortunes, did renew my suit:  
Delaying its fulfillment—time to time,  
Attending thy return.

HAROLDE.

Yet speak, I pray you,  
You noted her demeanor: Did she wear  
The port of entertainment to his love—  
Or did she spurn it?

VALMONDE.

Be thyself the judge.  
If he hath slander'd her, and she be true;  
His falsehood even swells beyond this point.  
His further boast was, that with nightly visits,  
It was her wont to seek him. Do you know,  
If since your coming, she hath left her home,  
About this present hour, upon pretence  
Of charity, or any like excuse?

HAROLDE.

She left me, even now, upon such errand.  
But what of that?

VALMONDE.

Such was the holy plea,  
By which, he vouches, she hath cast a veil  
Around their amorous meetings.

HAROLDE.

May this be?  
Oh! Heart, most poor, that but an hour ago  
Did boast a mine of love, and strong in pride  
Defied the storms of fate, bidding its billows  
To spend their fiercest rage upon the rock  
He deem'd could never yield; but now it shivers  
As like to fall to sand. Come—speak the rest;  
For now, the mist of faith hath fled mine eyes,  
And I have caught a glimpse of the intrigue,  
That draws me to look further.

VALMONDE.

(*Gives dagger.*) Bear you this :  
That if I do not prove him, to thy sight,  
More black than I have said, rip open my breast  
And throw my heart to dogs. Go with me now,  
Beyond the hail and ear-shot of the house,  
E'en on the spur, to where she purposes  
Her charitable voyage : there at full—  
Both eyes and ears shall be so well convinc'd,  
To doubt were shame to sense.

HAROLDE.

Lead the way.  
Since I have tasted of the bitter cup,  
I'll drain it to the lees No pause, for spleen,—  
Like the fierce war-horse, on the eve of action;  
Frets with impatient and with stamping rage  
To plunge into the strife! Away—Lead on!

(*Exit 2 E. L.*)

SCENE IV.—(2. G.) *A roadsile (evening.) Enter LE ROUX 2*  
E. R.

LE ROUX.

She will be here anon. I dogg'd her steps,  
And by a different path outstrip'd her hither.  
Now must I wait, here at our cottage door ;  
That when she comes, I may, in her full sight,  
Issue from thence, and make the cheat more sure.

*Exit LE ROUX L. H. Enter ELEANOR, 1. E, R.,  
with mantle and veil on.*

ELEANOR.

Nicole—where dost thou loiter?

NICOLE.

*(Running on R. H.)* At thy elbow.

ELEANOR.

Follow me closer—fellow. *(Walking towards R.)*

NICOLE.

At thy heels.

*Enter LE ROUX L. H., meeting her.*

LE ROUX.

Lady—How falls it, that I meet you here?

ELEANOR.

Sir, I am prone to ask the like of you,  
Why have you left our fête?

LE ROUX.

Here in this cot,  
Dwells one I long have known, and once more prosperous  
My care to-night (as oft hath been before).  
To bring an old friend aid. I came in vain—  
He is from home.

ELEANOR.

How call you him?

LE ROUX.

Le Roux.

ELEANOR.

How strangely hath it chanc'd. My purpose hither,  
Is to the needy wife, and suffering child.  
Is she within?

LE ROUX.

I parted from her now.

ELEANOR.

Attend me, Nicole.

*(Crossing to L. H.)*

NICOLE.

Madam— use all speed :  
The fête's at halt for me, for I am dubb'd  
Grand master-domo of the ceremonies ;  
Key of the cupboard, where I hid the wine  
From that voracious curate. Lord—Oh Lord!  
These priests are lusty drinkers.

ELEANOR.

Sirrah—

NICOLE.

Madam—

ELEANOR.

Thou prate'st too freely.

NICOLE.

Do I?

ELEANOR.

Peace.

NICOLE.

I'm dumb!

LE ROUX.

Might I advise—what need thy servant stay?  
Let him return; his service must be needed.  
The self-same purpose, having led us hither;  
May I not hope, (thy mission here fulfilled)  
To be thine escort home? It were a boon,  
And fit, as to thy guest.

ELEANOR.

(*After brief hesitation.*) Let it be so.  
Good Nicole, hasten back. 'Fore thou art rested,  
I shall be there.

NICOLE.

I'll say so. (*Exit R. H.*)

ELEANOR.

Let us in.

Few moments will suffice me.

LE ROUX.

It were best

That I attend thy coming, at the door ;  
Unknown to her thou seek'st ; to whom 'twere well  
Thou name me not. Her pride were haply wounded,  
Were she to find, that all who aided them,  
Knew of each other's bounty.

ELEANOR.

Well considered. (*Exeunt L. H.*)

SCENE V.—*Dim moonlight. An extensive wood, with separate trees as a forest. Exterior of LE ROUX's cottage, 3. E. L., with doors. Open window, across the sill of which hangs ELEANOR's mantle. Enter VALMONDE and HAROLDE, R. U. E., both muffled in cloaks.*

VALMONDE. (L. C.)

Mark you that cot. This is the wonted place  
Of their encounters. Now observe apart,  
And gather thence. (*Goes to the window.*)

HAROLDE. (R. C.)

Like to some guilty wretch,  
Methinks I tread to blood. My very dagger  
Leaps to my gripe. Back ! Oh—thou lamp of heaven,  
Nor let thy pure beams glitter on a scene  
That teems of guilt ! *Dun* night, hide thou my blush,  
That I do play the spy.

VALMONDE.

(*Leaving the window.*) She is within.

Mark where her mantle hangs upon the casement,

And look—herself—

(*ELEANOR comes to the window, takes her mantle and retires.*)

Let us stand more apart,

And gain a safe espial.

(*They retire R. U. E.*)

*Enter LE ROUX from the cottage and looks stealthily off, R. U. E.*

LE ROUX.

(*Aside.*)

They are here.

*Aloud.*) What a mere fool is this! Yet, 'tis not well

To mock her for her love; for she is fair—

And rich to-boot. This last, the master-chain

That ties me to her service.

(*Enter ELEANOR,*

*from the cottage. VALMONDE and HAROLDE, observe.*)

ELEANOR.

Dost thou muse?

I heard thy voice.

LE ROUX.

So fair a scene as this,

Makes one contemplative How much they lose,

Who fail to taste this breeze, but keep the house,

Like the dull birds, that from the fall of eve—

Sleep the fair night away.

ELEANOR.

'Tis sweet indeed.

But let us haste. I have o'erstay'd my time.

*They go toward R. See HAROLDE and VALMONDE who observe, pass up toward L. ELEANOR shrinks back.*

What men are those, that hover in the shade

And seem o'erwatching us? Look, how they gaze!

LE ROUX.

I know them not—their cloaks obscure their favors.

They are but loiterers.

ELEANOR.

*(Clinging to him.)* I fear their looks,

HAROLDE and VALMONDE retire U. E. L.

LE ROUX.

Look, where they pass and leave us. Heed them not.

They can be nought to us. Come—Let us walk

In the soft air. How bright the starry heavens—

And the pale silvery light of Cynthia's rays

Smiles in the dewy hour.

*Exeunt R. 3. E.*

VALMONDE and HAROLDE return from U. E. L.

VALMONDE.

Look, where they steal.

How craftily the knave pursues his game!

Till now I ne'er believed it, but still hoped

To prove't a braggart's boast.

HAROLDE.

Oh! it is plain:

'Tis barefaced, clear and rank. Where, where, oh heart—

Where is thy haven now? The corner stone,

Where-on I raised the structure of all bliss—

And to the box and treasure-cup of which,

Consigned my every hope, crumbles to dust,

And all the building falls! What more dost know?

Give me such damning proof, as from my soul,

Shall drive all vestige of the tender love

That e'er would harbor there—that desperate rage

May hold unshaken sway!

VALMONDE.

*(Shows picture.)*

Right to thy hand

Look at this bauble, which, an hour ago,

He, in his exultation, handed me

To vouch he lied not; for, as he profess'd,

She this night gave it him, while his in lieu,

She treasures in her casket.

HAROLDE.

*(Looking on it.)* 'Tis the same  
 She gave me when we wed. This blow ends all!  
 Oh—beauteous counterfeit. Oh—heavenly lie!  
 I cannot look upon thee, for thou sear'st  
 My tender eye with shame. Bring me this knave—  
 Let me confront him now, that thus cut off,  
 Festering in luxury, down to his patron fiends  
 He headlong may be hurled!

VALMONDE.

Let not thy rage  
 O'erstep thy wiser reason! or at least,  
 Pause for a ripper thought.

HAROLDE.

It brooks no pause.  
 What, look on guilt as palpable as day—  
 That shames the eye to see, the ear to list,  
 Yet halt in my due course? Or, should I up,  
 And looking, not upon the blood I shed,  
 But on my bitter wrong; seize by the throat—  
 Strike—strike and kill! *(Crosses to R.)*

VALMONDE.

I would not have thee yield.  
 One jot of thy revenge, but rather swell—  
 Beyond the point of due—yet wait the hour,  
 And let thy patience rule.

HAROLDE.

Patience to me?  
 There is no room for the vile sluggish grace!  
 Patience is fled, and frenzy reigns alone.  
*(Crosses to L. and goes up.)*

VALMONDE.

Yet, I entreat thee, act thus not unthought  
 Thus unadvisedly, but home—and there—



HAROLDE. *(Turning to him.)*

Home! where is home? From this, my home no more!  
The super-blasting curse, fall on them both.  
All the sharp plagues that doth infect the world—  
Be theirs till end of time. And when they couch,  
Let hissing adders, with their venom'd forks  
Pierce their hot loins! Thorns from their pillow start  
When they have list to sleep! Yet let them live—  
To pray in vain for death, till from the earth,  
Echoed from heaven, the universal cry—  
Hurl them together to eternal fires,  
There let them shriek and groan and howl forever!

*Stagger back and falls into VALMONDE'S arms.  
Rapid Curtain.*

THE END OF THE

THIRD ACT.

## ACT IV.

SCENE 1.—(1 G.) *A Street or Road-side.* Enter VALMONDE B. H.

VALMONDE.

Poor sightless gull! Thy blindness is my light,  
Thy downfall, my uprising, and her shame,  
Balm for rejected love. *Enter LE ROUX L. H.*

LE ROUX.

You bade me seek you.

VALMONDE.

Thou hast fulfill'd my wishes, passing thought.  
Now for the letter, that I charg'd thee write—  
To send at need.

LE ROUX.

'Tis here. *(Gives letter.)*

VALMONDE.

*(Looks at, and returns it.)* So—this is well,  
Tender and to my wish. Wait at my call,  
And as I give the note, have it convey'd  
By one may know thy garb. Where is thy picture?

LE ROUX.

*(Shows one.)*

A faithful copy, but for this—its use,  
A rank and foul deceit.

VALMONDE.

Bah! Thou art faint.

The day grows broad. Hence, with this counterfeit—  
Scale thou her window, as thy chance shall serve,  
And drop it in her casket; from the which,  
Look thou remove the husband's. This well done—  
Claim thou to-morrow, what reward thou wilt,  
And it is thine.

LE ROUX.

(*Passing over to R.*) I shall not fail—to-morrow. (*Exit R. H.*)

VALMONDE.

To-morrow—Ha! To-morrow thou art cag'd,  
Fast lock'd in jail. There shalt thou beat the bars,  
To reek and die i'the straw ; nor see the sun  
Ere thou shalt blab my deeds. It were indeed  
To lack all cunning, now to live at sufferance,  
Haply of thy compunctions. *Enter GEREAUD L. H.*

GEREAUD.

Sir, I have sought you.

VALMONDE.

Well found. I need thy service. (*Gives a paper.*) Take this paper.  
By virtue there set down, withdraw my surety,  
Which now defends this Le Roux's house and freedom.  
Let him be stripp'd of all, and straight to prison  
Be dragg'd without delay The flinty law,  
And good stone walls, must now be my defense  
Against his tell-tale humours.

GEREAUD.

Fear him not.

I'll bury him past hope, and double safety,  
Stuffing the jailor's ears, with golden plugs,  
That he shall list no prayers.

VALMONDE.

Do so ; away. *Exit GEREAUD L. H.*

I will not halt, but proof on proof pile up,  
Till it o'ertop the tower of his love,  
And wall him up in hate. He labors hard,  
In the rough sea of doubt. Oh—let it swell,  
Till in that angry flood, he sink forever!

*Exit R. H.*

SCENE II.—(3 & 4 G.) *Eleanor's apartments. An open window C., showing a balcony. Early dawn. A lounge near the window, upon which ELEANOR half reclines, asleep, leaning towards the balcony, partly covered in her mantle. A table R. C., on which is a casket. Low tremulo music, as the scene opens, which continues through the speaking, until LE ROUX has disappeared. Enter LE ROUX stealthily over the balcony. He opens the casket, takes out one locket and puts another in its place—closes the casket, and gets noiselessly back to the window.*

LE ROUX.

My task is o'er with this. No more I wait—  
A pauder to his will, but watch the hour,  
Perchance to save them, and atone for all,

*He passes out of sight, cautiously, as he came; then enter BAPTISTE and ROSAMONDE, R. H. The latter passes over to L. C.*

BAPTISTE, (R. C.)

How strange they came not back. Our guests did marvel  
Lisping to ears, in wonder at their absence.  
I will not think that—

ROSAMONDE, (L. C.)

Look where now she lies,  
Fast locked in sleep. How high her pulse! Her flesh,  
Is dry and feverous.

BAPTISTE.

"Twere best we rouse her.

This early air is raw.

ROSAMONDE.

(*Touching her.*) Sister—awake!

ELEANOR. (*Starting from sleep.*)

Save—save me from the monster! Harolde—husband—  
Ha—dost thou spurn me? Stay?

ROSAMONDE.

Wake—Eleanor.

Arouse thee, sister! Thou art ill. Dost hear?

ELEANOR

Is't gone? My father—Rosamonde, oh where—  
Where am I?

BAPTISTE.

Here, in thine own home, my daughter.

ELEANOR.

Ha—am I home! Oh, what an hour was this?  
Such fearful dreams—

BAPTISTE.

Be more unto thyself,  
How art thou disturbed?

ELEANOR.

Where—where is Harolde?  
I thought to find him here. What stays him hence?

ROSAMONDE.

How all thy frame doth shake? Thou art not wise  
To lie thus in the air. Why came you not  
Back to our friends last night?

ELEANOR.

Pardon me, sister;  
All knew my purpose, which with haste discharg'd,  
I sped me home. He came not—patient yet,  
I waited him i' the garden; but the night  
Grew raw and chill. Then—I repos'd me here;  
List'ning each sound—no step—Oh, heavy hours!  
Wearied—a sleep fell on me. Then methought (*rises*)  
I roam'd some dismal haunt, while every step  
Encircled me with fiends! Fierce painted serpents,  
With open mouths and eyes, emitting fire—  
Where'er I turned, did rear their threatening heads,  
Venting their poison on me! Then I saw  
One that did seem like to the master-head  
Of all this reptile horde, by living hoops  
O'erstride the rest. Approach me. Laid in fear,  
Methought I shrieked—when as to stop my breath  
He coil'd around me, and his slimy folds

Entwin'd my throat. Strangl'd. I spake no more :  
 When, like as he would kiss me, he drew back—  
 Hissing aloud—he struck his venom'd fork  
 Into my lips—Horror—that touch—'twas death !  
*(Staggere ! back and sinks on lounge.)*

BAPTISTE.

This most fearful !

ROSAMONDE.

Calm thyself, dear sister,  
 Tis but the fever, from thy broken rest—  
 Bringing disorder'd fancies.

ELEANOR.

'Tis no other.  
 I will not fear my dream a prophecy ;  
 And yet—if 'twere—heaven knows.—

BAPTISTE.

*(Putting her mantle on her)* Come, leave this room :  
 Seek some refreshment—walk abroad the while,  
 And so dispel this gloom. And for thy husband—  
 This strangeness lays much blame—

ELEANOR.

Chide him not, father.  
 Some stern mishap hath held him from his home  
 And all the loss is mine. *Exeunt R. I. E. As*  
*they go out HAROLDE enters, followed by FRANÇOIS. L.H.)*

HAROLDE.

Sirrah—go in,  
 And bid thy mistress hither. *(Exit FRANÇOIS R. H.)*  
 Now, my pride,—  
 Be thou my armour, that no check of love  
 May find a passage to abuse my soul  
 By its usurp'd possession, driving thence  
 The sterner code, and the more due regard  
 Of even-dealing justice. Heart from hence  
 Depart thy softness, and become as steel,  
 In what thou hast to do. Ears, lose your sense ;

Nor quaff the liquid sweetness of her voice ;  
Lest its soft music—luring me to kiss,  
I find a poison there !

*Enter ELEANOR R. H. hastily, speaking as she comes.*

ELEANOR.

Ah—here at last ;

My husband—love *(he turns.)* What's this ? What heavy hap,  
The weary night, hath stay'd thee from thy bed ?

HAROLDE.

What were the cause to thee ?

ELEANOR.

What looks are here ?

HAROLDE.

Dost thou not love me ?

ELEANOR.

Aye too well thou knowst it.

HAROLDE.

Know what ?

ELEANOR.

How truly I do love.

HAROLDE.

Oh—yes.

ELEANOR.

What has befall'n ?

HAROLDE.

Nothing—wonder not.

Riot and revelry will breed strange humors.

ELEANOR.

Such humor is not thine.

HAROLDE.

Wherefore ? I'm merry.

Note here the cause. My pulse more temperate,  
Mine eye is clearer, for the film hath broke  
Which blurr'd its keener sense, and now I read  
Into thine inmost soul

ELEANOR.

What read'st thou there ?

HAROLDE.

That with a face, more fair than heaven's angels ;  
Thou'rt still—a woman.

ELEANOR.

(*Approaching him.*) Harold ?

HAROLDE.

(*Rejecting her.*) Oh—no more !  
It had been better, I had found my grave,  
I'the unexplored regions of the sea,  
Thou'scaped its fury, but to blast my sight  
With what this night I saw,

ELEANOR.

Oh—what was this ?

How fearful are thy words.

HAROLDE.

I learned last night

The story of a wife, whose love, did seem  
To reach beyond all compass, save alone  
His love who boasted hers : with him—'twas life.  
His fortunes call'd him hence. In his true breast  
Sat endless trust in her. His exile o'er,  
He sought his home. In floods of new-born joy  
The happy days roll'd on. But soon he found  
The garden of his love, so thick up-grown  
With foul and baleful weeds, that not a flower  
Of modest nature, could find room to thrive  
Amid the gross pollution. Bristling thorns  
Did there usurp (where violets should grow,)  
To sting him at his couching. On her brow,  
Whose marble was of heaven, stain had fall'n,  
Stain of a guilty love ; blotting forever,  
Its pure and pristine whiteness ! What her meed,  
Could desolate that home ?

ELEANOR.

(*With energy.*) There were no meed,  
Could retribute such crime.



HAROLDE.

(*Suddenly,*)

Ha! Say'st thou so?

ELEANOR.

Thy speech is strange—I fear—

HAROLDE.

Indeed—

ELEANOR.

(*Startled.*)

What harm?

Thou seem'st to glare, as thou hadst found a clue  
To some concealed wrong,

HAROLDE,

The wrong is known.

Dare'st speak of where thou didst employ the hour,  
Upon our last night's parting?

ELEANOR.

I have said—

Bestowing charity, on one who needs  
And oft hath known my bounty.

HAROLDE.

Aye—too oft,

'Twere well thou wert more chary, lest, o'erfed  
Thy bounty surfeit him.

ELEANOR.

What mean these words?

I tremble at their purport. Speak at once,  
And tell me what thou meanest. (*Aside,*) Ha! my dream—  
I fear the prophecy—yet—

HAROLDE.

What was he,

Who sought thee yesternight, and held thine ear,  
'Gainst every other tongue?

ELEANOR.

I know no more,

Than that he named himself thine early friend;  
And one, who bore you fellowship in travel;  
Which well might give him title to our welcome.

HAROLDE.

Vain—weak pretence! No more. Add not a falsehood  
 To hide thy glaring crime. It would but mock  
 That face of innocence, that lends a grace  
 To such a perjury, so is doubly false—  
 Seeming too heavenly. If thou regard'st  
 The safety of the dear soul's destiny—  
 Cravest heaven's mercy, dissimulation drop;  
 Beget some doit of mitigation here,  
 To serve thee at thy need. *(Pointing upward.)*

ELEANOR.

Ye powers above—

Bear witness for me, if within my brain  
 Abides a thought to warrant this abuse,  
 I know not where it lurks. What is my fault?

HAROLDE.

Shame; of the deepest, darkest, damning cast,  
 That e'er black night concealed, or the chaste moon  
 Enclouded her pale rays from looking on,  
 Sinking behind a veil of thickest air—  
 To blusa unseen by earth.

ELEANOR.

Shame sayst thou, mine?

*(Kneels)* All-seeing heaven, Oh! earth and all—behold:  
 If I know wrong, in the minutest germ;  
 Let loose, thou God of thunder, all thy bolts—  
 All Thine artillery ethereal,  
 E'en here upon me!

HAROLDE.

Presumptuous woman, peace:

Nor dare to tempt heaven's wrath!

ELEANOR.

What have I done?

*(Rises.)*  
 Show me what 'tis thou dost accuse me of;  
 That being guilty of unwitting wrong  
 I may confess—repent, and be forgiven.  
 Or, being innocent, I may dislodge  
 The foul suspicion from thy heart—abused,  
 And give thee calm again.

HAROLDE.

Ha! Is thy cheek  
So braz'd in proof, that it reveals no blush?  
Here, in my hand, I bear the evidence  
That stamps thee vile.

ELEANOR.

What is it?

HAROLDE.

*(Shows locket.)* Look thyself.

ELEANOR.

My picture—whence is this?

HAROLDE.

Even from the hand  
Of him, who, vauntingly—with open speech  
Hath bragg'd, thou gavest it him.

ELEANOR.

Who was this? speak.

HAROLDE.

Tickled thy palm, nay—sporting on thy lip  
In closer siege. Oh—woman; all the fiends  
Have not more fire within their red domains,  
Than rebels in thy blood!

ELEANOR.

*(Desperately.)* Who—who was this?

HAROLDE.

Thy paramour! who, at thy sister's marriage—  
All saw thee entertain.

ELEANOR.

False—on my soul!—  
If in me I have that immortal part,  
The which to save I e'er spent thought upon,  
Or cherished hope for its eternal weal!  
Oh—what fell snare, is spread about my feet,  
That I am thus entangled?

HAROLDE retires L. Enter ROSAMONDE R. II.

Oh—my sister,  
This is a hapless hour ; and my poor heart  
Is bankrupt now of smiles, and I can greet thee  
Only with tears.

ROSAMONDE. (R. C.)

Thine eyes are red and swollen,  
And tears indeed o'erflow them. What hath chanced ?

ELEANOR.

I cannot tell beyond that, Harolde, now  
Met me with angry and portentous mien !  
His dark eye flashing, and disorderly—  
Beneath his brow, hard to its centre knit ;  
And cast upon me vilest accusation  
As trait'ress to his honor.

ROSAMONDE.

Hath he dared—  
Wherefore , upon what ground ?

ELEANOR.

I know no cause,  
Nor scarce can speak to thee, My heart is full ! (*weeps.*)  
*Enter* BAPTISTE R. H.

BAPTISTE.

What change is here, my daughter ? Why these tears ?

ROSAMONDE.

Oh sir—there hath some slanderous report  
Gone forth against my sister, and her lord  
Seems tainted with it, and in open terms  
Hath here accused her of disloyalty  
And treason to his love.

BAPTISTE.

Sir—is this true ?  
Darest thou prefer a charge so black against her ?

HAROLDE. (*Advancing L.*)

Spend not thy wrath on me, for she is vile :  
We are dishonor'd all. Know but the truth,

And thou shalt join with me, to spurn her from thee.

BAPTISTE.

(*Sternly.*)

How may I know this truth?

HAROLDE.

(*Shows locket.*)

Among the rest,  
'This trinket, now obtain'd from him, to whom  
She gave't as pledge of love; and whose exchange  
Now lies in yonder casket.

ELEANOR.

Oh—produce it,  
And that be my defence, for there lies thine.

HAROLDE.

Bring it thyself.

ELEANOR.

Right g'ladly, and at once—  
Content to rest on that. (*Opens casket and starts.*)

HAROLDE.

Why dost thou pause?

ELEANOR.

What's here? I am bewildered and made dumb.  
Alas! I am beset. Mine enemies--  
Who'er they are, have casts their nets with skill  
And I am lost past hope. (*BAPTISTE looks in casket.*)

HAROLDE.

To BAPTISTE.) Why look you there;  
Where now should fall thine anger?

*Enter JULIEN, with a letter, L. H., which he gives to*

ELEANOR.

JULIEN.

A letter, madam;  
And of no common post; for scarce I had it,  
Ere he, who bore it, vanished and was gone.

BAPTISTE.

Didst know the bearer?

JULIEN.

'Twas the stranger guest,  
Who at our fête, was the observ'd of all,  
Being unknown to any, save thy daughter—  
Whose ear alone he sought.

BAPTISTE.

*(Aside.)*

I am amaz'd!

ELEANOR.

*(Apart.)*

What is it? The hand I know not. Oh—I fear,  
Another chapter in the bitter volume  
Of this day's history. I dare not read it—  
'Twere best that I destroy it.

*(Offers to tear it.)*

HAROLDE.

*(Checks her and takes it.)*

Nay—thou shalt not;

But give me leave. *(Opens letter.)* Thy gallant greets thee well.

And gives thee bold advice, to make again,

Thy charitable voyage. *(To BAPTISTE.)* Pray you read.

*(To ELEANOR.)*

What lie shall cancel this?

BAPTISTE looks at letter. and all sadly retires.

ELEANOR.

I plead no more.

No lie, nor truth, nor ought of word at all:

It passes vindication. If, this means—

*(And I can think no other),* thou pursuest

This course to put me off, it needed not

Such wicked pains to do it. Though my heart,

Ne'er harbor'd thought *(as on my soul to heaven,*

I breathe the solemn vow, of love to man,

Save unto thee alone! Thou art abus'd

By some vile plot, as yet too deep in night,

And we must wait a morn of clearer day

To light us to the truth.

HAROLDE.

Till then—farewell!

If e'er such day shall dawn, like to a child

I'll beg forgiveness of thee. Oh—strange fate!

That we do build the fabric of our hope

Upon mistaken places, and choose sand

Where most we look'd for rock ! Oh--Eleanor ;  
Until this day, thy radiant smile of love  
Made earth a temporal heaven. Happy hours !  
And are ye fled forever ? My lingering heart  
Clings to thee still, as loathe to quit its hold !  
It must--adieu for ever ! *(Passes her to L. C.)*

ELEANOR,

Abandoned thus--

Not thus. I cannot yield thee ; tarry yet--  
A week--a day--an hour ; leave me not,  
Or kill me ere thou goest !

HAROLDE.

No--live on.

I seek no blood upon thee. Thy remorse,  
And the high judge of heaven, execute  
A sharper retribution. I, from the world--  
Will hence entomb myself in caverns--pits--  
Where none shall see me more. *(Going.)*

ELEANOR.

Thou shalt not go !

These arms shall cling around thee, till thou snap them,  
And then my heart goes with them.

HAROLDE.

Villain--villain !

Behold the wreck thou mak'st--the paradise  
That thou dost rob me of ! Vengeance of heaven--  
Pursue this wretch forever. yield him, earth !  
Thy deepest caverns, let too feeble be,  
To shield him from thy wrath. Where'er he turns,  
Let devils, red from hell, yell in his ears--  
Breathing their sulphurous fires !

ELEANOR.

Harolde—husband!


HAROLDE.

Dost cling to me? Oh—false one; loose thine hold—  
 Or, with the mingled force of grief and rage—  
 Thus do I hurl thee from me: hence—farewell!

*Throws her from him and rushes off* L. H. ELEANOR  
*falls* C. ROSAMONDE *bends over her.* BAPTISTE  
*advances* R. C. and JULIEN L. C.

## THE END OF THE

## FOURTH ACT.

 A LAPSE OF ONE MONTH SUPPOSED BEFORE THE OPEN-  
 ING OF THE LAST ACT.



## ACT V.

SCENE 1.—(3 G.) *Another chamber in the same house.* ELEANOR  
*asleep on a couch, near window C., ROSAMONDE*  
*watching her L. C.*

ROSAMONDE.

Her rest is calm. Oh—may these balmy slumbers,  
Break to the dawn of reason, as of health!  
Why, what a smile was there! She stirs—she wakes.

ELEANOR.

Oh—blissful dream, where-in the clear reflect  
Of happier years shone out, as they were now  
Fresh in their spring-time, and as palpable  
As this my hand before me. My poor heart—  
Was blithe as ever. Wherefore do I wake,  
To see this cloud of black reality—  
Frown on its mirror'd brightness?

ROSAMONDE.

Sister—dear—

ELEANOR.

Thou here, sweet Rosamonde?

ROSAMONDE.

Ever by thy side,  
Like the good watchman, faithful at his post—  
Have I o'erseen thy sleep, broken by sighs,  
Which seem'd to shake the fragile tenement  
Of thine o'ercharged soul.

ELEANOR.

Art thou so kind?

My tears must thank thee.

ROSAMONDE.

Weep no more, dear sister.

ELEANOR.

Nay—let me weep, nor strive to dam those gates,  
That vent my flooded soul. They are the friends  
Who lend their aid, to ease the laboring heart,  
When words are nought, and tongues deny their office.

*Enter BAPTISTE and JULIEN R. H. The former goes  
up R. C., the latter to ROSAMONDE L. C.*

BAPTISTE.

How fares she now? What ill-foreboding star—  
Reign'd o'er thy birth, my child?

ELEANOR.

The storm still lowers,  
Oh—for a sun that shall disperse these clouds,  
And so unveil the truth!

BAPTISTE.

That sun shall break—  
And thou shalt be approv'd.

JULIEN. (L.)

How, Rosamonde,  
(As thou hast noted), doth her shattered mind,  
Endure this shock?

ROSAMONDE.

E'en as a noble ship,  
Tossed by the tempest's fury. Now at height—  
Riding the storm-swoll'n wave; and now engulf'd  
As like to sink for ever. Now, as calm  
As infant slumbers, but ere long, as wide  
As madness' self. (A noise outside L. H.)

LE ROUX.

*(Speaking outside L. H.)* It is no time for form.  
Delay is death. Away—for I must pass!

*Enter FRANÇOIS hurriedly L. H.*

FRANÇOIS.

Here is a fellow, sir, new broke from prison,  
With yet the chains upon him.

BAPTISTE.

Look to him !

*Exit FRANÇOIS L. H. Noise renewed.*

LE ROUX.

*(Out L. H.)* No moment is to lose. Give way, I say !

LE ROUX *bursts in L. H., ragged and pale, with  
broken manacles on his wrists and ankles, and  
shreds of straw about him.*

BAPTISTE.

Now : who art thou, to break upon this scene,  
Which claims such sad regard ?

LE ROUX.

Bear with me yet,  
Till I have spoke mine errand, then with speed  
Judge and award my deeds and punishment,  
And let me suffer here.

BAPTISTE.

Speak--who art thou ?

LE ROUX.

I am Le Roux, with whom thy hapless daughter,  
Is charged with basest dealings. I am he,  
Was seen upon the night her sister wed,  
To hold her ear in converse : mine the picture  
Found in her casket : I, the thief, who there  
Purloined the locket which contained her own,  
And mine the hand that penned that damning letter,  
To swell the proofs against her. Much beyond  
Have I been known to, to the which set on  
By Valmonde : His design, a deep revenge  
For unrequited love. Sharp misery,  
Was the hard monitor, compell'd me thus—  
Subserve so base a scheme, as price of food.

ELEANOR.

What do I hear ?

*(Stands as spell-bound.)*

BAPTISTE.

Though great thy crime, this act  
Speaks thy repentance and demands our mercy.  
Haste, and atone thine agency in this,  
By seeking Harolde, whom this foul deceit  
Hath driven hence ; and thus redeem thy fault ;  
So—shalt thou be forgiven.

LE ROUX.

I do know  
The place of Harolde's refuge, and with zeal,  
Will fly to heal this breach. *(Exit hurriedly L. H.)*

ROSAMONDE.

*(To JULIEN.)* Quick—follow him ;  
And find out Harolde. Let no moment's pause  
Have intermission, till thou bring'st him here—  
And Heaven lend the swiftness.

*Exit JULIEN L. H.*

ELEANOR.

Doth the earth—  
Endure the burthen of a fiend like this ;  
And will not quake and ope, that he may sink  
Down to its blackest centre ? *(Crosses to R. H.)*

BAPTISTE.

Said I not  
Now, smile again. The cloud has broke already.  
*Enter FRANÇOIS.*

FRANÇOIS. *(To ELEANOR.)*

Your pardon ; Valmonde asks to see you, madam.

BAPTISTE.

What—will he dare—

ELEANOR.

*(Eagerly)* I'll see him. Bid him hither.  
*Exit FRANÇOIS L. H.*  
Leave me all—alone !

ROSAMONDE.

Wherefore—what would'st thou ?

ELEANOR.

Say me not nay. I know my purpose—go!

*She urges them off* R. H. *Enter* VALMONDE L. H.

VALMONDE.

I will not, madam, ask in form, thy pardon  
For seeking now thy presence, as indeed  
I boast broad ground, where-on to rear the hope  
Of constant welcome here; which I may name,  
My warm and lasting friendship.

ELEANOR.

Such regard,

I each day learn, the better to esteem,  
And *this* day, more than ever.

VALMONDE.

I have come,

As knowing the vile wrong, thou late hast suffer'd  
From him who should have been thine honor's shield,  
And not the shaft to pierce it, to afford  
Such consolation, well as exposition,  
As manhood binds me to.

ELEANOR.

Sir, let me pray

That thou o'ertax not such a monitor,  
But keep thy service still within the reach  
Of my poor gratitude.

VALMONDE.

My present duty,

Is to unfold to you this man who wrongs you,  
And lay his motive bare.

ELEANOR.

Thy pains are stale.

The man and motive are as palpable  
As thou before me.

VALMONDE.

Who, in such a man,  
Could look for such a villain? Do you know,

'Twas a concerted scheme to put you off—  
To cover his desertion, and the love  
He harbors for another ?

ELEANOR.

*(In rage, turning on him.)* Shameless liar !  
Patience no more endures to list this slander.  
Smooth hypocrite, and base-pretended friend—  
No more insult mine ear with thy foul speech !  
I know thee—devil—and thy purposes.  
Thy creature, whom for bread thou didst suborn,  
Hath made thee known, for the vile thing thou art—  
Thou brazen monster ! *(Crosses to L. C.)*

VALMONDE.

*(Startled.)* Le Roux.

ELEANOR.

Aye—thou know'st him.  
How darest thou, look upon me ?

VALMONDE.

*(Recovered.)* Nay—thou ravest !

ELEANOR.

I have, and 'tis no wonder ; but this blow,  
Doth re-instate my reason. Fly from hence  
And seek thy kindred in the lowest depths  
Of the eternal pit, where thou may'st find  
A darkness fitting to thy darker soul !

VALMONDE.

Nay, hear me, lady. Rather let me kneel,  
And offer thee a love, that suffers all.  
I own this work was mine, and my proud heart,  
Bounds high in transport, that no longer now,  
That bar exists, to keep our souls asunder.  
Sweet—let this kiss— *(Offers to kiss her.)*

ELEANOR.

Thou impu lent insulter !  
May the just lightning of indignant scorn,  
Now flashing from mine eye, sear, as with fire,  
The guilty soul within thee ! *(Crosses to R. C.)*

VALMONDE.

*(Sneeringly)*

Gentle lady—

Discard not thus thy lover, who, to serve thee,  
Thus braves thine anger. Rather bid me speak.

*(Bitterly.)* No more thou see'st thy husband; He has fled—

Another land holds him—again he seeks

A fresher love! *(She turns on, and sternly waves him away.)*

Oh—I obey thee, madam;

To woo again, when thou art better humor'd!

*Exit L. H.*

ELEANOR.

Break—break poor heart! No hope is left thee now.

Husband, where art thou? Gone forever from me!

Oh—reason, hold thy seat—my Harolde—love—

I have thee yet, here—here—here in my heart;

Thou shalt not 'scape me. I will follow thee!

My Harolde—what is here? My brain—my brain!

*She rushes wildly off L. H.*SCENE II.—(2 G.) *A dense wood. A rude hut or cave* L. 2. E.*Enter HAROLDE in sombre garb* R. 2 E.

HAROLDE.

Fit home, most fit. Here, where no human foot

Doth ever tread; my refuge from the world

Where trust is made the knife to slay the lender,

And virtue but a name. World—world—I hate ye!

Nay—though the ties, that link me to thy love,

Were my most vital sinews,—knit to life

I'd snap them thus.

*(About to enter Hut.)*

JULIEN.

*(Calls outside R. H.)* Ho—Harolde—

HAROLDE.

Ha—surprised?

Who seeks me thus—unwelcome?

JULIEN.

*(Entering R. H.)*

Look upon me,

And greet a brother

HAROLDE.

Thou here? What dost thou want,  
That thou intrud'st upon me? Speak thy purpose  
And leave me to my peace.

JULIEN.

No--I am come  
To bring thee back to peace. Thy wife--

HAROLDE.

No more!

Art thou here to scoff me? Wherefore speak of her,  
Unless to blast my hearing!

JULIEN.

Dost thou love--

HAROLDE.

Why, what art thou to ask me? Look you Julien;  
A month hath waned, since from my soul, I swore  
To void her memory: yet every sound--  
The warble of the birds--the whistling storm,  
Doth babble of her name. Each glist'ning star,  
Mirrors her likeness to me.

JULIEN.

She is true!

Is chaste as heaven's dew--as pure and stainless  
As is the mountain lily. She is wrong'd  
By foulest slander. Even now, the wretch--  
Suborn'd by Valmonde (he the master villain),  
At price of food, to act the part thou saw'st,  
And seem her paramour, hath made confession,  
Against this traitor fiend.

HAROLDE.

What say'st thou--Valmonde?

JULIEN.

Who long hath brooded, to destroy thy peace  
In envy--'twas not his.

HAROLDE.

Oh--nameless villain!

But where is he?



JULIEN.

I know not. Use all speed  
 And haste with us to find her. Even now  
 She fled her home to seek thee, wide bereft  
 Of any poise of reason ; mad and wild—  
 A wretched maniac.

HAROLDE.

High judging Heaven,—  
 Didst thou o'ersee, nor let me know this man!  
 Quick, let us hence, each on a various path,  
 And bring her hither straight. *(Exit JULIEN 2 E. L.)*

Heart, hold thy rage,  
 Nor drive me from myself, till on this devil,  
 The gathering thunders of a due revenge  
 Pois'd o'er the monster's head, do burst and crush him.  
*(Exit 2 E. R.)*

SCENE III.—(3 G.) *Another part of the wood ; separate trees, as  
 in a forest. Enter VALMONDE L.*

VALMONDE.

Foiled by this petty slave—by him debarr'd  
 A final crowning of my dearest ends—  
 To make complete her fall. *Enter LE ROUX R. H.*

LE ROUX.

At last we meet.

VALMONDE.

*(Aside.)* Thy last perchance, on earth. *(To him.)* What dost thou  
 here ?

LE ROUX.

A work of right, to bring thee thy reward—  
 Thou gilded monster ! Where thy pledge of faith,  
 For the sustainment of my wife and child ;  
 Who in the month have starv'd. I pawn'd my soul,  
 Serving thy work of baseness—my requital  
 To plunge me into prison.

VALMONDE.

Thankless fool :

It was to save thee from the frantic rage  
Of him—our common victim.

LE ROUX.

While my wife ;  
Stripp'd of her sole defence, is thus expos'd  
To hunger and to death. Now to thy heart !

*He attacks VALMONDE with a knife. They struggle  
round, VALMONDE disarms and stabs LE ROUX,  
who staggers against a tree L. H.*

VALMONDE.

Howl in the other world, thou babbling slave ;  
Thou brawl'st no more in this.

LE ROUX.

Content to die—  
So I but live, to charge my blood on thee.

*Exit L. H.*

VALMONDE.

Wretched fool—thy vengeance is my service ;  
Thy death my surer life. There lie and rot,  
To whine and prate no more.

*Enter GEREAUD L. H.*

GEREAUD.

I read our danger.  
I saw this fellow, bleeding here at hand,  
And moaning heavily. Will they not set  
The hounds of law upon us for this murder ?

VALMONDE.

'Tis timely thought. Haste for a guard, and bring them  
Where we may light on Harolde : charge on him,  
This beggar's death, as in his blind revenge  
On him, his wife's supposed paramour.  
Le Roux cannot survive, and he once dead,  
Who shall o'erweigh my word by thee attested ?  
It is our only plea, so must we bide it.

*Exit GEREAUD L. H. Noise of coming storm.*

ELEANOR.

(*Outside R. 1 E.*) I have escaped them. They have lost my trace,  
And know not where to follow. Harolde—stay—  
Oh! Tarry for me—fly not—look—I come,  
Borne as upon the winds. *Enters R. 1 E. (Storm louder.)*

VALMONDE. (C.)

Stay!

ELEANOR.

Who is here?

VALMONDE.

Thy lover and thy fate? No bar is here;  
Thou art mine past help.

ELEANOR.

(*Shrinks back.*) I know thee! Thou art he—  
The serpent of my dream. Approach me not—  
There's poison in thy touch—death in thine eye!

VALMONDE.

Shriek to the listless winds—O'erery the sea—  
With thy complaints, crack the wide arch of heaven.  
Thou plead'st in vain! The scene—the hour is mine:  
Here will I compass what my boiling blood  
Now drives me on to seize. (*Clasps her.*)

ELEANOR.

(*Storm continued.*) Ha! Loose thy grasp!  
No help—my father—Heaven—am I alone,  
Discarded of all aid?

VALMONDE. (C.)

Hark to the tempest!

List how it mocks thee—Come!

*She struggles with him until they have changed sides.*

ELEANOR speaks during this.

ELEANOR. (C.)

(*Sharp thunder.*) Avoid me! (*She gets his dagger.*) Ha!  
Thy poinard's in my grasp—thy heart its sheath,  
If thou dare'st follow me! Ha—ha—ha—ha! *Exit U. E. L*

VALMONDE.

(R. H. cor.)

I will not pause, but instant on her track  
 With passion's speed, there stifle her vain cries,  
 And triumph in the storm.

*Going up is met by HAROLDE, who has enter'd 3 E. L.*

HAROLDE. (L. C.)

Hold back! Why, ah! —

Remorseless—damned villain—do I front thee!

VALMONDE. (*Recoiling R.*)

What—Harolde here!

HAROLDE.

Aye—Harolde! Dost thou tremble?

Why dost thou turn? Come—let me see thine eye,  
 That through its window I may pierce thy soul,  
 And read the demon in thee.

VALMONDE.

Lo.—I do:

And brave whate'er thou dare'st.

HAROLDE.

Thou art bold:

But legion'd powers were too small to dam  
 The tide of my revenge. Yet would I pause  
 And dally with my vengeance, to enjoy  
 Thy terror, ere I strike. Thou—thou art he,  
 To whose malignant tongue, with credent ear  
 I yielded up my faith!

VALMONDE.

Yet, can I laugh:

Mine is the 'vantage still. Never again,  
 Shalt thou embrace, as thou wert wont—thy wife.  
 The sweet response, that reason gives and takes,  
 Hope never more from her! Her mind is dead.  
 She fled me even now, or I had clasp'd her.  
 Do I not triumph?

HAROLDE.

(*Recoiling.*) Dost thou tell me this;  
 And with a bitter spleen, laugh at thy work?

She's gone indeed, yet here I stand inact;  
While the destroyer in a taunting glee  
Lives wrapt in his success. E'en as I gaze,  
Wilder and wilder swells this battling rage  
That hereshall burst upon thee. Scourge o' the earth—  
Thou drivest all pity hence, and Nature's law  
Now claims thee here! (*Storm; but less loud.*)

*As HAROLDE advances to attack VALMONDE, JULIEN enters R. 2 E., and seizes HAROLDE's arm.*

JULIEN.

Hold, Harolde. Stain not thus,  
Thy desperate hand with blood. Thy wife yet lives,  
And calls upon thee now. Leave him, the while  
To higher retribution. Blast not here,  
All chance of joy to come!

HAROLDE.

The wreck is made:  
And shall the fury that did blow the storm—  
Ride victor on the gale?

*As HAROLDE advances again, ELEANOR is heard as if high up at U. E. L., at a distance.*

ELEANOR.

(*Outside.*) Strike not—forbear!

JULIEN.

List—thou art warned!

ELEANOR

(*Outside as before.*) Haste—Harolde, come to me!

HAROLDE.

A voice, as 'twere from heaven, bids me hold.  
It saves thee now—begone!

VALMONDE.

(*Aside.*) Thy glass runs low.

*Exit R. H.*

JULIEN.

Haste thee to yonder cliff, where wildly now  
She treads the dizzy height, and from the verge

Calls on thy name, as if to reach thine ear,  
In the far land, where, in her state of madness,  
She deems that thou await'st her.

HAROLDE.

Lead the way.—

(ELEANOR shrieks U. E. L.)

That cry again. Poor girl, I come to thee :  
But if I lose thee, back upon this fiend  
I turn to wreak thy wrongs. Quick—let us on !

*Exeunt* U. E. L.

SCENE IV.—*Full depth of stage. Wood, rocks and sea. High shelving peaks. A cliff projecting* U. E. L., *on which* ELEANOR *is standing. Sea rough, wind and storm through the speaking.* BAPTISTE and ROSAMONDE *gazing up at her.*

BAPTISTE.

(R. C.)

See where she perches on yon towering peak,  
That aches the eye to reach !

ROSAMONDE.

(R.)

Oh—look—behold !

Now she approaches the extremest verge,  
As she would leap from thence.

BAPTISTE.

I cannot look.

May heaven guard her and sustain her now,  
For she is past our aid.

(*Walks to* L. C.)

ELEANOR.

(*On the cliff.*)

Hush, and be still—

Thou howling tempest, and thou moaning sea ;  
Be mute as sleepy death : while on the wings  
Of intermittent zephyrs, o'er thy breast,  
Is borne the welcome music of that voice  
Breathed from yon distant land.

*Enter* HAROLDE and JULIEN 2 E. R.

HAROLDE.

Oh—fearful stand!

Earth, hold thy course, lest in thy ceaseless track  
 Thou waverest, and yon dim-discerned point  
 Receive the smallest motion 'neath her feet,  
 And hurl her down head-long. I'll to her straight. *(Going.)*

JULIEN. *(Checking him.)*

Hold, Harolde—be not rash ; but stealthily  
 Scale the dread height and softly glide to grasp her ;  
 Lest, like a dreamer, at the shock she fall—  
 And dash to atoms here. *(Storm heard.)*

ELEANOR.

The envious surge  
 Abates not, nor no sound, save its wild roar  
 Assails mine ear, absorbing in its fury  
 The tones that else would greet me.

HAROLDE.

*(Breaking from JULIEN)* Hear me then,  
 As o'er the bellow of this howling storm,  
 Though it o'erswell the thunders of great Jove,  
 Thy husband's voice shall reach thee.

ELEANOR.

Hark—I am call'd!  
 Ye buoyant clouds, spread now your milky sails,  
 And fly with lightning's speed, while on your crests  
 I sail to seek my love!  
*A heavy thunder-clapp. She leaps from the rock and falls into the sea. ROSAMONDE shrieks..*

HAROLDE.

Oh ! madd'ning sight—  
 Horror, past thought !  
*He leaps into the sea C, towards R, and disappears.*  
 JULIEN rushes out U. E. R.

BAPTISTE.

*(Looking off C. R.)* Look, where he flies to save her !  
 Too late—she sinks—while he, in wild despair,  
 Beats the rough waves, that battle for their prize.

\*

Lo—where she rises—he is near—he grasps her ;  
 They ride together on the crested surge,  
 But she, all motionless and still as death !  
 They're lost—I'll gaze no more ! Here end me heaven,  
 For life is hateful now.

ROSAMONDE.

They reach the shore ;  
 He bears her up the rock. See were she comes,  
 Mangled and dead.

*The storm grows more moderate and soon ceases. Enter HAROLDE U. E. R., bearing the limp form of ELEANOR, speaking as he comes on, followed by JULIEN. He brings her to C. Kneels and holds her.*

HAROLDE.

Bear with our softest care,  
 The precious burthen of her shatter'd frame  
 Here to this spot.

ROSAMONDE.

Sweet sister—speak to me ;  
 And ease the hearts that burst in grief for thee.

BAPTISTE.

She speaks no more—poor martyr.

HAROLDE.

Gently speak—  
 Soft—soft as whispering doves. Hearest thou, dear love ?  
 Thine Harolde, 'tis that calls thee. Sh—no word !  
 She'll never speak again. Flow, flow hot drops  
 And scald the eyes that shed ye, that no more  
 They look upon this wreck. Oh—peerless sweet ;  
 Leave me not unforgiven that I wronged thee,  
 But wake and give me peace. *(She stirs faintly.)*

JULIEN.

Doth she not stir ?  
 She doth. Look you—her eyes—her lips are open.

ELEANOR.

*(Very faintly.)* Air—air—I suffocate !



HAROLDE.

Hear yon, she lives!  
Stand from the breeze, that she may speak again,  
And give us living hope.

ELEANOR.

*(Still very faint.)* Where art thou—Harolde—

HAROLDE.

Here, at thy side, abused one. Angry Heaven,  
Pour now thy wrath upon me, that I ever  
Held question of her truth.

ELEANOR.

*(More faintly.)* Then--thou--approvest me?  
I am content—all's peace—Farewell! *(Sinks down.)*

HAROLDE.

*(After long pause.)* She's gone!  
Dead—dead. No more those lips shall speak my name!  
One kiss—the last ere the ice falls! *(Kisses her.)* Oh! Heaven--  
Why have I 'scaped the fury of all fate,  
For hour so dark as this? My heart's a void—  
A cavern tenantless. In every chamber,  
Despair usurps alone. Dead—dead and gone!

JULIEN.

His brain will ne'er endure this final stroke;  
Best we entreat him hence.

BAPTISTE.

Come—leave this place.

HAROLDE.

No. never—never—never! Oh—ye hills,  
Rude rocks and mountains fall upon me here,  
And shield me from th' offended eye of Heaven.  
And you, her father—sister—brother—all;  
Just in your vengeful wrath, strike—strike e'en here:  
I bare my willing breast to all your daggers!  
*(He raises her gently and speaks on.)*  
Bear her, I pray you, to my hovel, here—

Where, when upon her wronger, I avenge  
Her woes and mine, I will, in death repair,  
And find my grave with her.

BAPTISTE *bears off* ELEANOR *followed by* ROSAMONDE  
L. 2 E.

Heart break not yet,  
But rouse with fraught supernal for revenge !  
Oh, yield the monster to me. Bring him now :  
Give him—Oh heaven to my present rage. (*Looks R. H.*)  
Lo you—my prayer is heard ! Look where he comes  
Ripe for the sacrifice !

*Enter* VALMONDE R. H. HAROLDE *draws*—JULIEN  
*interposes and holds him.*

JULIEN.

Yet hold thy hand  
The law shall do thee right.

HAROLDE.

Law to the winds !  
The shield of cowards and the tool of knaves  
Affords no balm to me. Refrain thy hold !  
For the volcanic fury of my soul  
Cries out—revenge ! Forbear ! The hour is come.  
Thou liar, slanderer—betrayer—murderer !  
Thou doubly venom'd viper, whose foul breath  
Hath poison'd this fair flower of the world—  
Her voice, which sav'd thee once, is hush'd in death,  
And thou art here to die.

VALMONDE.

Thou liest fool !  
I yet shall live to see thy hated trunk  
Swing from a gibbet. Hither guards of law !

*Enter officer and guard* 2 E. R.

Here in this presence, do I charge on Harolde,  
The murder of Le Roux, in his mad rage  
For an approved wrong upon his wife.  
Secure him.

(*Guard seize and disarm* HAROLDE.)

HAROLDE.

Oh—where is thy thunder Jove?  
Brazen abuser, scorner of all law,  
Alike of God or man—tremble—beware,  
Lest the grown anger of outraged heaven;  
O'ertake thee here.

VALMONDE.

Guards, wherefore do you stay,  
To list this prating? Hence with the assassin!

LE ROUX *rushes on wildly* L. H.

LE ROUX.

Monster—'twas thou!

(*Pause.*)

VALMONDE.

(*Aside*) Ha—doth the dead arise?  
Nay—an thou'rt mortal still—thou diest now.

VALMONDE *attacks LE ROUX, who wrests the weapon from, and stabs him. All rapid, and speaking during the struggle.*

LE ROUX.

But not alone! Here, with my parting breath,  
I charge my blood on Valmonde! Lo—I die;  
And seal this truth—with all the rest—in death.

*Dies, and is carried off by the guard* L. H.

JULIEN.

The hand of heaven, still retributive,  
Is just at last.

VALMONDE.

(*Supported by guard.*) Aye—but too late at best  
For his behoof. I die, but triumph yet:  
His wife—a corpse—

HAROLDE.

Thou bearest still thy sting.  
Not all the tortures of thrice tripled hell,  
Can reach thy meed, nor purge thy lep'rous soul!  
What now is life, gloom'd by the memory  
Of all that brighten'd earth! Sweet love—no more—

Thine arms shall ope to clasp me! I'll not live  
 To lack their heaven long. Is my prayer heard—  
 And have the mountains fall'n? The weight of worlds  
 Press on my heart and crush it. Let me hence—  
 Oh! Eleanor—my wife—I come to thee,  
 To die upon thy bosom!

*Goes towards where ELEANOR was taken, and is met  
 by BAPTISTE, who enters L. 2 E.*

BAPTISTE.

Stay—she lives!

HAROLDE.

What say'st thou—lives? Art mad—or do I rave?

BAPTISTE.

'Twas but a swoon, the counterfeit of death;  
 She lives to bless us all. The pallid stamp  
 Of the grim semblance, brightens into life!

HAROLDE,

Oh! Mock me not. 'Twere double death.

ELEANOR.

*(Calling out L. H.)*

Ha—Harolde.

HAROLDE.

That voice—she lives—she comes.

*(Enter ELEANOR L. 2 E., followed by ROSAMONDE.*

My wife, my Eleanor!

ELEANOR.

My husband—

*(They embrace C.)*

HAROLDE.

Eleanor—is this a dream?

If 'tis, Oh—wake me not. Here let me lie,  
 Or dream thus ever!

VALMONDE.

I am foiled at last!

She lives and they are happy. Torments—fiends—  
 All the stored curses of the hell within me,  
 Be on ye both forever! Oh—that I could—

*Gathers effort—approaches HAROLDE with menace—  
fails—staggers back into the arms of the officer.  
—dies, and is carried off R. H.*

HAROLDE.

Look up, dear love. Lo, where the villain dies,  
Struck to the heart e'en here, by his own victim.  
Yet do I shame, that mine was not the hand,  
To slay thy wronger.

ELEANOR.

Oh! let us joy in that.  
His blood upon thy hand, though justly shed,  
Were yet *some* cloud upon our day of bliss,  
Which now shall shine undim'd. Close to thy heart—  
Here clasp me until death!

HAROLDE.

Of death no more;  
But new found life, restor'd as from the grave!  
Wife—Father—Sister—Brother, heart with heart;  
Here, let us, to the Lord Supreme of all,  
Pour out our pæans of eternal praise.  
Oh! hour repaying all—heaven of earth!  
*Plaintive music as the curtain gently falls.*

DISPOSITION.

HAROLDE,

ROSAMONDE.

ELEANOR.

JULIEN.

BAPTISTE.

THE END.



# N O T E .

*To the players or Stage Directors :*

*If, in any case, for lack of appliances or otherwise,  
the leap of ELEANOR from the cliff, cannot be done,  
or it be deemed expedient (for any reason) to omit it,  
then begin the last scene thus : At the opening of  
the scene, enter BAPTISTE and ROSAMONDE L. 2  
E., and JULIEN U. E. R.*

BAPTISTE.

What art thy tidings? Speak!

JULIEN.

The end is come!

Clambering the rugged steep of yon high cliff—  
That overhangs the sea ; where human foot  
Did never tread before ; from the last verge,  
Calling against the storm, upon his name—  
She stood with outstretch'd arms. He rushed to save—  
Invoking her from such a fearful stand.  
She heard, and answer'd, deeming he had spoke  
From other lands : She cried—" I come to thee !"  
And with a shriek of joy, leap'd from the peak,  
And fell into the surge!

ROSAMONDE.

(*Shuddering.*) Oh--lost forever!

BAPTISTE.

But where is he!

JULIEN.

Madden'd with such a sight—  
Disdaining all restraint, he follow'd after,  
To save or die with her.

BAPTISTE.

(*Looking over the Sea R.*) Look, where he strives—  
Too late—she sinks, &c.

*Then taking up, and continuing the speech from  
and with the second line from the bottom on page  
85, and thence proceeding to the End as written.*













NEAFIE



















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